

Peter C. Newman on Sweden and the politics of love
How to write a best seller just like Arthur Hailey
Can Allan Blakeney keep them down on the farm?

OCTOBER 1971

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

35¢

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THE MAKING OR BREAKING OF PRESIDENT LÉVESQUE



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Exciting.

Five Five continued / and beginning to need replacement.

The TTC commissioned a study by Canadian General Electric Company of the mechanical and electrical components of its coaches. These units had essential pieces of machinery, for all their 30-year age, turned out to be good far away from years with either major refurbishing or to work at all. All that remained was to find a manufacturer that, for a price, would turn out new, modern coach bodies into which those components could be fitted. The manufacturer chosen was Westinghouse. In 1980 the first new trolley coach rolled into Toronto on a railway trestle, and within a few months others began to appear. As more of the old coaches gave way to more shiny replacements.

One of the refurbished coaches, No. 9123, took to the railways again and rode to a transit operator's concession in Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The U.S. "new city" has been without electric transportation for years and the new trolley coach drove an enthusiastic response from officials who never thought they would ever use such an animal.

San Francisco's interest in maintaining the largest trolley-coach network in the United States — as well as the famous cable cars and an electric streetcar system that, in a few years, will have new equipment running downtown in a subway new-bell body — have dashed, in the almost unfeeling workings of the B&N, evidence that a device has been made to do business with Western Flyer. At least 240 of the 333 aging trolley coaches are expected to be long long in Monterey, where, whatever it is, it will be fitted to new coaches. When that happens, some of San Francisco's most environmentally-minded citizens will take great amusement in having someone leadership in antipollution sound transportation by having gone nowhere at all for 20 years.

And with trolley coaches still operating in Thunder Bay and Vancouver and in several cities in the United States, Western Flyer may just find a unique Canadian place in the history of urban transportation.

WENDY PARKER, SAN FRANCISCO

The ugly Canadian

Our Names on the Russian Front (August) — some heretofore on a crying jag over this book and all we had first step on that soil. Another telling overgenerously at hand and he "passed out" Tupper at the bourgeois Canadian tourist I have seen them while abroad and been

wished to be connected with my old low countrymen. Christine Newman is to be congratulated and alerted for her candid criticism of this Russian source: KILGORE, LONDON, ONT.

■ I presume *Our Names on the Russian Front* refers to the journalistic collaboration which accompanied the Prime Minister. What the author and her confederates seem to have missed completely is the fact that Canadians are not looking for Prime Ministerial coups or sleights of hand, productions of massive foreign deals. As an average Canadian (I believe there are many) I am tired of rhetoric, unthinking following of old battle-line positions and hysterical internationalist attitudes. Prime Minister Trudeau's visit to the USSR, therefore, was an enlightening step in the right direction. Similarly, his initiative is our Chinese relationship.

Those who consider these ventures useless have short memories indeed. We English-speaking North Americans are usually aware of how little our two Canadian partners really understand each other. How much more difficult, then, the task of understanding the cultures of the Soviet and China. I would have been much more interested in a few more details about the Russian landscape that "went by" or the Palace of Young Women. MR. DONALD J. EDMONDS, PORTLAND, OREGON, U.S.A.

Incident at Quang Ngai

I wish I could be as charitable in my assessment of Mitchell Sharp's misadventures following the killing of the President's daughter of J. B. Scuderi as the messenger of threats to Hanoi, as Peter C. Newman is in *The Politics of Democracy By Good Faith* (August). I wish our actions, which provided President Johnson with the correct image of a weak nation, could be depicted as "blind confidence" or "maddling through," but how is it possible to give so dishonestly over the real truth?

In addition to undermining our position on the International Control Commission to provide efficient messenger service, it is conceivable that we may also be promoting facilities for the "deep-bellied operations" and the "deep-operation" of the CIA as it plans its many "operation phoenixes" codified to eliminate hundreds of thousands of Vietnamese civilians, by means when necessary. P. Burton O'Brien (U.S. Army military intelligence), whom I met in my both travels before this latest Vietnamese crisis, Embassy into U.S. Civilians in Indochina (John, June, 1971), carefully explained

to me how — — — broadly third countries are used, willingly or unwillingly, to support the agent (by providing access) to direct areas following the eventual withdrawal of American forces. — — — Perhaps that explains why the Canadian TB Hospital in Quang Ngai, with its X-ray beds and full radiological and laboratory equipment, is today sitting empty. Patients have all been transferred to the old provincial hospital while a small staff of Vietnamese men carrying out vaccinations.

Was it ever really intended "to meet the needs of the Vietnamese" or is there some intention to further the U.S. military's admission about that "traditionally third countries" have roles to play in Vietnam other than humanitarian, by just providing a convenient non-American facade? Dr. John Hamaiah, head of the U.S. Agency for International Development in Laos, admitted in June, 1970, that "AID is a cover for CIA activities."

Perhaps by now, the audience is sufficiently clucking to react against concerned Canadians to demand a full investigation into Canada's role in Vietnam.

CLAUDE CULHANE, FORMER ADVISOR, CANADIAN ANTI-TUBERCULOSIS HOSPITAL, QUANG NGAI, SOUTH VIETNAM

A Rusky is a Rusky

Regarding G. Futsy's statement: "There's a spy-rat (August)" — that "there's a Russian in Soviet Union" is not interchangeable. I should like to disagree. All important decisions affecting the constant mission of the USSR are made in Moscow, Russian is the language of the nation, and the acquisition of any foreign language and culture at the expense of the Russian primary is inconceivable and impermissible. Russians resident in the other sovereign republics are not required to learn the local languages, though all the "teacher nations" are expected to know Russian. If the Soviet Union and Russians are not synonymous in theory, their interchangeability is professed by the reality of the situation. JERRY BERGLAND, TORONTO

Because we taste good

I have been watching your *Maclean's* bookcase commercial (B&N's back with B&N) on television and want to say that it is very catchy and original. I noticed the super-bright, inflatable tubes the girls had and was wondering if there is any way to obtain one. I would also like to say that your bookcase does a fantastic job at advertising B&N and has a very delicious taste. LOREANNE McLELLAND, ELLIOT LAKE, ONT. ■



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PHYLLIS WEBB'S CANADA

"I've stared over some pretty thin ice in my time, but when I first walked on water I knew I'd finally made the Canadian scene!"

In August, 1969, Willem Vixen, an artist, drew a crescent line by walking along a sandy beach at low tide in Victoria, B.C., while another man walked a similar line along the British Columbia shore. "Of course," said Vixen, "when the tide changed, the water would my crescent line, but for a while day we had Canada in parentheses."

When I read that story in the newspaper, something joyfully leapt over in me. Those wild men on the beaches (from sea to shining sea) had made a witty, imaginative, serene statement about Canada, and they'd created, if not art, at least an event. It was no extent of the imagination and therefore magical.

It went beyond a spoof of those fa-

miliar word assemblages such as International Power (Canada) Ltd and the economic and political realism they represent. It went beyond the dictionary definition of "parentheses" a word, clause, phrase inserted into a passage to which it is not grammatically essential (apply that one to Canada and it's pretty devastating). Canada is a whole bundle of parentheses, and cynically we see all caught in the embrace of these relishing arms. Evan Canad's role as mediator in international disputes can be seen in terms of this image. The recipe of the event was the psychological revelation that, once we see, feel and make external the land we're in, the kids can come and wash it away. (The kids can also come in and wash us away.)

I wonder if many Canadians share the secret sentence I had to be buffered by the Atlantic and prevail against the winds off the Pacific. It took a few years and a little good luck to get from St. John's, Newfoundland, to Long Beach, British Columbia. Just to feel the breath of the land. To be at the extreme.

I've arrived, temporarily, for island waters and sport, parentheses waxy Salt Spring Island to the west coast is a good place for star-gazing and navel-gazing, a nice shy corner of the universe that doesn't elude for suspicion or glory. A good place, may be, for getting a perspective on life and times.

To put my Canada in perspective I have to put myself in perspective, line

up the lichen and mix the metaphor. It's not much fun. Now in early middle age, I find myself more rebellious, more radical, less polite, often in danger at the mouth of my life, from which I believe I'm tired by profound public and personal anger. I'm distressed from my governments, men from the process of government, and from many of the institutions of the society that formed me. I've become a working writer of letters-to-the-editor, which I never write, a supporter of causes I never join. I am a voter who has never voted for a winning candidate, and a law-abiding anarchist. No party would have me if they knew what I really think. I won't have any of them because I know what they really think. Spiritually, I'm

a French-Canadian separatist, in fact and in faith a pained west coast WASP.

As I sit here brooding on the next of paradoxes — lay it on the line, Phyllis, lay it on the line — I'm confronted by what is far as the best of all possible worlds. Today I sit naked from my window the sea churning from cobalt blue to dove grey. The cloud anguilla make little white sea reflectors out in the harbor, train on the day. These Seven Islands are a cold, green resting place for the eyes. The forms of Woody Bay's river peak on to

Phyllis Webb is a well-known poet whose work is noted for its satirical humor. Her collected collections are *From New York City*, *The Sea Is Blue*, *A Certain Mind* and *Wilderness*.

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Government policies and programmes can create a climate for growth. But Governments can't legislate public confidence. Nor can they control the private initiative and enterprise which will finally determine how far and how fast Canada grows. That's up to individual Canadians.

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The history of Canada was written by generations of tough, self-reliant people who came here with the same determination to build something worthwhile. Think of the incredible difficulties that faced the immigrants who first settled here. Read about the Canadians who literally forged this country together a hundred years ago, in male after impossible mile of railroad track. And remember the challenge of Expo '87. How many people even dreamed that Canadians could put on the greatest show the world has ever seen?

People like that are still the most important resource we have. Unemployment is a waste of that resource — a waste that affects every one of us, at every income level. If we can find enough confidence in ourselves to grow the jobs we need, we'll all be better off for it. As a nation, we'll be producing more and selling more. As individuals, we'll be earning more and buying more. Something else: When we give people a chance to build — a chance to fulfill themselves — we also give them pride and a sense of achievement. And those are gifts too valuable to be measured in dollars and cents.

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Most economists agree that Canada is beginning a new period of growth. In the past year, we've contained inflation more successfully than any other country with a free economy. Things are moving. Companies are expanding. Opportunities are opening up. But we can still do much better. How much better depends on all of us, on how much we want to succeed. We have the people. We have the skills. Now we'll find out if we also have what it takes to make use of them.

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Canada Manpower is the operating arm of the Department of Manpower and Immigration, responsible for the development and stimulation of our human resources. In other words, their business is matching people with job opportunities. Last year, for example, they helped more than 700,000 Canadians find work. There are 380 Canada Manpower Centres across the country, all linked by Telex so that they work together as one cohesive force. They can arrange the training and retraining of workers and help them relocate in opportunity areas. They also have access to the researchers, the economists and the statisticians needed by

business and industry to take full advantage of existing opportunities and to create new ones. Canada Manpower Centres are there to help every way they can.

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Our economy depends on the enterprise and energy of the private sector to create new wealth and employment. There has rarely been a better time for a more urgent need to translate that fact into meaningful action.

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If you think Canada Manpower Centres are just for unemployed people, you're wrong.

A Canada Manpower Centre is also the place to go if you're under-employed. If you're interested in learning a new trade or up-grading your present skills — the chances there can tell you all about Government sponsored re-training programmes. (In those days of constant technological change, they can make all the difference in the world to your future.) And if you want to find out about employment opportunities in other parts of the country — Canada Manpower is the place to get answers. If you fit any of these categories, and haven't already registered with a Canada Manpower Centre, then do so now.

What the Canadian people can do.

Start by examining your own attitudes in the broad light of Canada's current economic prospects. Right now, personal savings are at a ten-year high. Which simply means that people have been careful about spending — as people always are when times are difficult. There's much less reason for that caution today. What's needed now is the kind of confidence that will persuade people to make these expenditures they've been postponing. Because when people start spending, manufacturers will be encouraged to expand into new markets and new product areas. That's what keeps the economy moving. And that's what grows jobs.

Have we got what it takes to grow the jobs we need?



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THE VIEW FROM OTTAWA

BY STEVEN LANGDON

It was, I'm told, an uncomfortable afternoon in the Department of the Post Office. The labor relations experts there were placing urgent telephone calls to the CBC and the Montreal Star. Blond, they wanted to look at files of a legendary U.S. radical, super-organizer of the left: Saul Alinsky. Because Alinsky was born in Ottawa, talking behind closed doors with the Canadian Union of Postal Workers about how to defeat those very labor relations experts in the next round.

"Sixty percent of the time," Alinsky began, addressing the 15-man national leadership of the CUPW, "I feel like a professional killer for hire." I thought, how apt an image. Alinsky is no longer young. He has the lined, graying, shrewdly wrinkled kind of face that Richard Boone brought to the TV series *Have Gun Will Travel*. And like the gunman of that show, his life is a jumble of place-to-place conferences all over North America. Black-of-the-synch in Chicago, the tough immigrant community where he won his first fights; CIO organizing in the

**SAUL
ALINSKY:
THE
POSTIES'
NEW
HIRED
GUN**



Thistles Working, after the war, with black and Mexican and poor people's groups in Canada, too, with blacks in Halifax and Indians in the West. A St. Paul of the powerless, helping outsiders challenge the system. And here he was advising the men who carry out mail. He had been called in by an uncompromising new CUPW initiative which was elected this summer and is committed to fighting the government hard. Alinsky accepted the invitation because he respects such resolve. "Unlike most U.S. labor leaders, who've joined the Establishment," he said, "this union has progressive leaders, fighting for a better society." What did they talk about? Power. Organizing. Tactics.

You're full up with petty rules, tired of the government bringing in technological changes without consulting you and sneered with the games they try to fool you with, said Alinsky. "But the only way anybody's going to better judgment it, is on the basis of power!" He summed up in his own words a way. The only way the Establishment hears is up their noses, not through their ears."

That was lesson one. Social improvement involves a confrontation over power. It was a lesson the postmen had all recently learned. Their director of organization, Mel Wilde, told us that only weakness and other such militant acts will get the government to sit down and talk seriously with them. So they responded to Alinsky's urgings, and indicated a readiness to apply his hard-line approach in next year's contract talks. "A majority of our national officers," one executive member told me during a coffee break, "are ready to go to jail if they have to." "If the government orders us back to work," said another, "we'll deft them."

Organize. That was Alinsky's third. But how? Alinsky

stressed internal points, such as keeping the rank-and-file of the union involved in the decision-making. But most of all he talked about the special problems of a public service union. Unlike private business, governments don't make money. "Their language is votes. And so you have to be heavily involved in the political field, getting too with people with voters, all the time." Long-term ties. "When you go around and ask for help during a strike, a guy says I've never seen you here before — only now when you need me. So he's reluctant. You have to have good contact beforehand, so that when the conflict comes they're on your side because they know you." Alinsky talks about firemen in one U.S. city who began visiting schools to talk about what firemen do, so when it came time to strike they had a good base in the community.

On to the question of tactics. Alinsky talked about a political fight in the United States in which he decided he needed the support of the First National Bank. But how to force the First National to push anti-political? Alinsky organized 3,600 people to visit the bank and open new accounts. The bank was put off, unable to do any other business and powerless to do anything about it. "After all," said Alinsky, "how would it look if a bank started to arrest people for wanting to open an account? Everybody knows what's happening, but there's not a thing they can do. And the pressure is very powerful, because — who knows? — after we opened our accounts, we might just decide to come back and close them, then open their signs and close them."

"First National gave up, and the political fight was won. There's a tremendous gain in Alinsky as he discusses the incident and it underlines his point: that creative, unscripted tactics are what work. He's opposed to traditional picket-line strikes. "There's nothing more of a boom." He favors what the New Left calls "guerrilla theatre." "Take a message up the rear of an elephant, you can drive the enemy out."

Alinsky was able to give the postmen a lot of help. Not just because he is a superb thinker, communications and teacher, but because the postmen were ready for his kind of help. It takes an activist union to use an Alinsky, and that, significantly, is what the CUPW now is. Which reflects a trend in the whole Canadian labor movement — witness the young Turks who showed the last Canadian Labor Congress convention in the direction of tougher labor action, greater industrial democracy and more national autonomy. Which reflects dissatisfaction in the civil service generally — witness recent public servants' votes to accept the strike weapon in their new salary talks. And it reflects, most directly of all, a jobbers in our Post Office.

The postal workers' anger towards me like a legitimate reason to animosity and arrogance among their employers. Especially on the issue of technological change, provinces fear for their jobs and for their working conditions as the government introduces new machines without their approval. They're convinced they deserve a voice in those technological decisions. If they get that voice, it could set off more and more demands among workers everywhere for a growing measure of industrial democracy. As Saul Alinsky told our members in his final comments: "If you go ahead and score as a militant union, you could turn the whole Canadian labor movement right around."

Steven Langdon is a member of the Parliamentary Press Gallery.



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INSIDE MACLEAN'S

At Purdy's profile of René Lévesque on page 28 continues an experiment started when the advance of this magazine changed with the May issue. Poets and novelists from every Canadian province have been asking for us as journalists, lending the extra dimension of their perceptions to reporting the news. Purdy, who holds two Governor General's awards and has been called "the world's most Canadian poet," brings a fresh approach to its examination of Canada's most controversial — and potentially most dangerous — politician. Another poet, Phyllis Webb, whose portrait of Canada appears on page 8, is a well-known writer with a reputation for incisive power.

Other novelists, poets, essayists playwrights and critics — librarians all — to use a pompous but precise term — who have completed articles for Maclean's or are in the midst of preparing them include Hugh MacLennan, Fred Steadman, Alden Nowlan, Adrienne Clarkson, Farley Mowat, Irving Layton, Brian Moore, Hugh Hood, George Bowering, Frederick McMillan, George Jonas, Edward McEwen, Mavor Moore, Fay Smith, Jack Lueck, Bill Howell, George Woodcock, William Strebe, Harold Herwood, Jean LeGros, Seymour Chaskin, Dave Godfrey and Ralph Gustafson.

As well as giving the magazine vibrant, valuable regional identification, their work, we believe, will help to expand the horizons of Canadian journalism. The techniques and sensitivities they are applying to Maclean's articles are also the unchanging tenets of the poet and novelist — emotion, symbols, cadence, irony and just plain poetry telling by evocative journalism they will, hopefully, be able to communicate actual experience to our readers and not just summaries of facts bereft of essence.

The new social context in which we all live and work demands new forms of communication: reliable reports seeking a larger truth than is possible through the mere compilation of verifiable statistics. We hope that these "new journalists" — guarding their craft with boldness in a new arena, will provide Maclean's readers with many fresh insights into the events and personalities that shape the Canadian reality. ■

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THE VIEW FROM U.S. OF A. BY TOM BUTSON

Terrible-tempered William Loeb wants his heart on his sleeve — or, at least, on the front page of the *Manchester Union Leader*, the flagship of his New England newspaper empire. Particularly, William Loeb is upset as far to the right as you can get, and over the years his front-page editorials as the *Union Leader* have denounced a host of luminaries who do not or did not share his views. President Eisenhower was denounced as "Jacey Dwight." Martin Luther King was once described as "a complete young fraud." Senator Edward Kennedy has been referred to as the *Union Leader*'s "just plain stupid." Not that William Loeb isn't just as strident in his praise of those who share his views. Among his favorites is, or was, Richard Nixon, like the publisher of the *Union Leader* an old warrior in the anti-Moscow, anti-Peking wars.

Things have changed. The other day President Nixon paid his first visit to the pleasant hills of New Hampshire and was greeted by a *Union Leader* editorial under the headline "A Sad Good-bye To An Old Friend." The reason for this pricing of the ways was the President's proposed trip to visit friends in Peking. William Loeb's editorial called the journey "unheard, indecent, unwise and fraught with danger for the United States."

There was more to the incident than just a disagreement over Nixon's China pit stop: the bill was illustrative of the disparity in which the right wing of American politics suddenly finds itself. Some of the more vehement-conservative is the larger cities might have snarled confidently at the echoes of Red Moscow Teddy Roosevelt in William Loeb's columns. (His father was an aide to TR), but in the past they also found him a convenient champion for their cause.

Like William Loeb, conservatives of all sorts held out high hopes that an administration headed by Hay-born Richard Nixon, seconded by Martha Mitchell's husband John and applauded by J. Edgar Hoover, would put America back on the straight and narrow. Now they are not so sure.

Nixon has been just too glibly with the Congress. Was that trip to Kozlovka, the first for an American president, really necessary? What happened to that old Nixon fire and brimstone about winning the war in Vietnam? Why couldn't the White House get those law-and-order judges on the Supreme Court at its first try? And what the hell has Nixon done as the economy? The wage-price spiral was so out of hand that he had to introduce controls on wages and — even worse — on prices. Even the cars, as imports, always popular with the right wing, could not dispel the suspicion of conservative quarters that the ghost of that lapsed Red, Franklin Roosevelt, was back on the White House.

The worst blow was the China trip. The right-wingers denounced it as a sin. That son of a Canadian, William F. Buckley Jr., led a coalition of 11 conservatives in issuing

a statement protesting the trip. For good measure they also denounced Nixon's failure to halt West Germany's rapprochement with the East and the "disastrous military position" of the United States.

Nixon has made some friends with the southern branch of the family by stepping into the school-bus door, but that may only have added to the confusion. Southern rightists are uncertain in their hearts whether they do not really favor that good old boy George Wallace after all. At least they know what he'd do about the Supreme Court.

The crux of the conservatives' problem is that if you must trust Richard Nixon, who can you trust? They simply do not have a flag bearer. William Buckley's denuded southern branch evinces too much of Eastern Establishment ambivalence. Strom Thurmond, despite his new clarity, is too old. Ronald Reagan got a job over the revolution of those who shelter slaves in the wild West. George Bush and some of the others just don't have the political stature to be real big shots. Which leaves one man: The old lion ranger himself, Spiro Agnew.

But Agnew, too, has his liabilities. Not the kind that conservatives bring too glibly with Koch, of course. While Nixon and Henry Kissinger were winning the pathway to Carbay, Agnew was off mixing with the conservatives' right kind of people. Emperor Hsiao Shuhsu, General Franco, King Hassan. But on that same trip he embarrassed even his conservative friends in Rome by choosing a point high over Africa to put his foot in his mouth — again — by insisting on a presidential verbal attack on black leaders in the United States.

His loose lip is a problem, but there is another and far more serious threat to Agnew's political future. The word in Washington is that in 1972 he will be off the Nixon ticket. His disappearance from the limelight since his return from that world tour and a prolonged visit to New York for personal matters (could he be job hunting?) have added fuel to the reports. Front-runner to replace him at the moment is John B. Connally, Secretary of the Treasury and a Democrat. Only Nixon can confirm or deny the rumor, which he is suitably at this point to do, but on the positive, perhaps the spoken thought is often father to the deed. Connally's assignment as a vice-presidential pick would guard momentum during the Nixon campaign on wage and price controls in which Connally carried the ball. Perhaps the best assurance of his new group was in his handling of the Canadian pilgrims who went to Washington seeking some relief from U.S. import controls. He told anyone who would so listen that Canada should not have a vote when the embargo talks had been turned in 1965. American pickings had gone unheeded in Ottawa. It was blunt talk, and Connally, confident, like a man who knows something his seniors don't, seemed to relish it.

Not that all of the powers the American right has gone the way of the American Moslems. It is a yearner that because of its disillusionment with Richard Nixon and because of the erratic behavior of its own surrogate, the right wing is confused and faltering. Until a new hero comes along it is likely to stay that way, although as long as William Loeb still has his brain in his body and a newspaper to publish in he will always be a voice crying out silently in behalf of the ex-Presidential pretension. ■



Agnew

Tom Butson is an assistant editor at the New York Times.



so smooth it's the world's largest selling scotch . . .

Johnnie Walker

THE VIEW FROM B.C. BY ROBERT GOWE

British Columbia politicians on every stage have this nightingale, after 19 years on the throne, Premier W. A. C. Bennett takes at last, a leadership convention in called candid campaign (famously the vote is taken, a drink refills, a spotlight flashes to the stage and into it steps the new premier: his hands clasped overhead in triumph, the 500-seat suite leaning back against the light, the speaker's head thrust forward in that curious little half-bow — it can't be my God, it is — William Andrew Cecil Bennett has succeeded himself).

For politicians who have this drink too often, a cold shower, worst work, they have to quit. That Robert Bennett, the former attorney general and longtime heir apparent, retired behind the corporate doors of MacMillan Bloedel when it came to him that if you stand in the wings too long you are not an understudy but a prop man. Thus Leslie Paterson, the current attorney general and heir apparent, grows twitchy when the subject of succession comes up. He is not supposed to know, certainly never to admit, that he is the odds-on choice to succeed the threat of over the day should come that the, um, current occupant should, um, wish to step out, aside.

The Premier himself breaks an old rule of succession with a breeziness that flatters the odds not only of his hanging-on but of NDP leader David Barrett and Liberal leader Dr. Pat McGee, both of whom know in their heart of hearts, that they will never beat Bennett. "Why should I retire?" asks the Premier. "I am healthy, as you can see. I like the job I work hard and I believe this government has done an outstanding job for the people of this province." The last time he is now 71 does not fear him, with heavy-lidded whiskey, he retires 25 years from his age because he does not smoke, drink or visit nightclubs and comes up with a working age of 46. He not only power, he revels in it, and the people of B.C. show no signs of wanting to snatch it from him.

For 19 years the province has been ruled not by a Social Credit government but by a Bennett government, and it has been constant that this was so. True the labor laws are oppressive, social workers resign in rage and frustration and the income based economy seems to be slipping over faster into foreign — chiefly American and Japanese — hands. But Bennett has given British Columbians what most of them — certainly those Who Count — want: prosperity, good roads, a balanced budget and a free hand for free enterprise. He has also, on occasion, let the socialist ganging with envy he canonized the provincial hydro system (after promising solemnly not to), turned his own very efficient B.C. ferry fleet and made the trans-ice train (the Pinking Great Eastern said to be known as "Pat God's Endurance," now it's known as a pretty good railway). There have been scandals, but the Premier has never been implicated, there

have been tremors and power plays and wild attacks on the federal government and the wicked east, but Bennett has always emerged unscathed and unshakable, smiling clichés and promises, somehow convincing British Columbians where some of us believe before the morning hours it is always vindicated by central Canada, that he alone is their true champion. They may not love him but by God he's better than that rotten crowd!

And yet, and yet, not even Bennett can endure forever. He is a more complex man than he likes to pretend, behind the hundreds of press and flacksters presses there lives, after all, a mortal. The Premier has to work himself up for big occasions — much like an athlete — and after some speeches, he is walked around and talked down by an aide — like a ruckabout. He carries a huge work load, evident in his paucity of titles: Prime Minister, Attorney General, Minister, President of the Council, Province Minister, House Leader, Chairman of the Treasury Board, President of the PCE and fiscal agent for B.C. Hydro.

His oft-stated claim that he shares responsibility and decision authority is, to put it mildly, griffin. The major decisions are all his, and he does make the problem common to all such situations — the really talented potential successors have been beaten down or have given up long ago. What remains is a lot of people who could come into the job, provided they work hard, stay low and smart, by word or deed, challenge the great man himself.



Any such list is headed by Leslie Paterson, who is 46, handsome, urbane and — most important — legally devoted to the boss. Paterson held the portfolios of education and later before becoming attorney general, and has everywhere done a remarkable job. His health became a question much not long ago when he underwent a serious liver operation, but he claims to be — and looks — fully fit again. Paterson stands out among the potential contenders, perhaps because of the fairness of all the surrounding landscape.

"Young Pat" Caplan, the controversial Minister of Rehabilitation and Social Improvement is another of the most-mentioned candidates. Caplan has been brought publicly to heel since the 1968 scandal that suggested he had been in Portland — a member of his family said a government plane, and others charged as owners of land sold privately to the government. But no one would sell him without him. He is the only potential candidate willing to talk about the forbidden subject: "If the people choose for me, I would consider it an honor to rise." At 38, Caplan bears obvious similarity to other sons — "I have a very powerful following" — to count his is.

Another possibility is Dan Campbell, 43, a former high-school teacher and current Minister of Municipal Affairs, a likable, genial man with a reputation for administrative ability.

Finally, Mark Caplan, 46, an ex-Vancouver Courier wealthy businessman and former football executive, is considered an outside chance, although his interest in the Vancouver Canucks hockey club may lead him out of politics. The list is short, and not top-heavy with talent, but perhaps when the great day comes others will emerge. I mean, Who's counting? They'll go on forever, could he?

Could he? ■

Robert Gowe is a west-coast free-lance writer.

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THE PERILS AND POLITICS OF SEPARATION

BY RICHARD SIMEON

Assistant Professor, Department of
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Splitting up: Two theoretical scenarios on how Quebec could say farewell to Canada

Let us assume for the moment that separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada is inevitable and the issues at hand are irreconcilable. The question then immediately arises: How might it come about? How do two complex societies which have been associated in a federal union for more than 100 years go about the difficult process of disengagement? Can it be done peacefully, without bloodshed — or will it inevitably lead to bitterness, mutual reprisals, or even war? And, since the two societies will continue to share the northern half of the continent, will they be able to work out some stable relationship which will govern their future?

These are not idle or mischievous questions. Separatism is no longer a remote possibility advocated by a small group of radicals. It is a respectable political movement. It may well succeed. If that is the case, then English Canadians must begin to ask themselves some difficult questions and think seriously about how it might happen. Only by doing this will they be able to retain some control over events. In asking these questions I am not assuming that separation is inevitable, much less that it is desirable. But by thinking about them, perhaps both sides can gain some insight into what is at stake and how relations could be conducted through what would be, at best, a difficult process.

One way to approach the problem is to sketch out some alternative scenarios about disengagement. The discussion will, of course, be hypothetical and speculative. The reader will undoubtedly be able to think of other scenarios and/or variations on the two presented here:

1. The optimistic scenario: separation and sovereign status can be negotiated amicably. English Canada and Quebec will, after separation has been achieved, continue to cooperate and will indeed create a mutually advantageous "Canadian Union," with a common market and joint overall economic policies. The optimistic scenario's main proponent is the leader of the Parti Québécois, René Lévesque, and it is most fully developed in his book, *An Option For Quebec* (McClelland and Stewart).

2. The pessimistic scenario: separation

and sovereign status cannot be achieved peacefully. English Canadians will not tolerate it, and are likely to use force to prevent it. Quebec, whether successful or not, is likely to become a fascist state. If separation is achieved, future relations will be hostile and noncooperative. Mutual reprisals will replace peaceful negotiations. Economic relations will be similar to those between the United States and Cuba. The pessimistic scenario predicts something approaching civil war. Bits and pieces of it have been suggested many times, but it has never been spelled out in complete detail.

In order to evaluate the optimistic and pessimistic scenarios, a great number of relevant factors must be considered. Few, if any, are at this stage be delineated with any degree of certainty. Broadly, there would be three stages in the disengagement process. The first is the pre-separation stage; it includes all events leading up to the decision by Quebec to separate. The second is the separation stage itself; it focuses on the immediate actions and reactions of the participants after the decision has been made. Third is the post-separation phase. Attaining the achievement of separation, this stage involves the working out of a fairly stable set of relationships which will govern the parties for the future. The events in each stage will be greatly affected by the preceding ones, to a great extent each will determine the future ones. As a result, the initial stage leading up to separation is the most crucial; it will set a pattern of expectations by both sides which will likely be difficult to change.

In the pre-separation stage, what will be the developments in Quebec leading to separation? Will the final decision result from a long, gradual, consultative process, or will the break be brief and abrupt? How will the decision to separate be made: by referendum, by an act of the legislature, by a coup, or in some other way? What will be the overall goals of the Separatists: merely a symbolic disengagement, or a total and complete break with the rest of Canada? Equally important will be the goals and attitudes of the Sepa-



ration on a number of other matters, such as treatment of English Canadians and English Canadian business in the province. It will also be important to know how united the French-Canadian population will be, and how strong the authority of the government is.

Answers to these questions will, in turn, affect the responses of English Canadians to the act of separation. Of particular importance are such questions as: What will be the reactions of ordinary citizens to the event, and what pressures or demands will it make on the government leaders? What will be the effects of separatism, hereinafter, interest groups and the like? How will the governmental authorities react?

In the separation stage, we ask what the immediate actions by each side are. How do the French-Canadian leaders conduct themselves, and what reactions does this provoke on the part of English Canada? And, in turn, what several factors to be considered here. Are there obstacles for both sides to take "hard" positions, and, conversely, are there incentives to negotiate agreement? What are the levels of hostility or cooperation, trust and distrust between leaders of each side? What are the social status to be expected? And, finally, how do the three parties like the United States or France behave?

Let us first examine the options advanced by the Parti Québécois. René Lévesque believes strongly that independence status for Quebec can be achieved without severe conflict, in a peaceful and orderly way. Moreover, he argues that the achievement of sovereign status for Quebec will be mutually beneficial for both sides. This is because, he argues, the present federal system effectively frustrates both Quebec in its aspirations for control over its own destiny and English Canada in its desire for "smoothing, mellowing and cushioning." Continuing the existing federal regime makes monetary conflict and hostility inevitable, the two nations will inevitably collide with one another repeatedly and with greater and greater force causing hurts that would finally be irreparable. "Tomorrow," he writes "English Canada would be grateful to Quebec for bringing it independence."

In addition, Lévesque does not envision a total separation of Quebec from the rest of Canada. Instead, there would be an association of the two countries, which would include common currency and monetary systems, a common market and coordina-

tion of fiscal policy. Assuming the objective to separate is made along the line Lévesque suggests, and English Canada do indeed decide to negotiate its achievement peacefully, how might these negotiations take place, and what would result? What issues would have to be negotiated? The list would be very long, including, to mention only a few examples, the rights and protection of English-speaking minorities in Quebec, or to a lesser extent, French-Canadian minorities outside Quebec, the status and future of English-owned corporations located in Quebec, both with the Maritimes, trade relations, monetary arrangements and the membership for social cooperation, and the object of federal programs in Quebec. Agreement on these matters at the early stage would undoubtedly make agreement on later issues easier. The large number of issues, with complex variations within each, would allow the possibility of considerable trading of concessions both within and between issues. In addition, on very complex issues winning and losing become much less evident, with a greater possibility that both sides would feel they have "won" and that conflict on these would be limited.

Another important factor that would help shape the negotiations is the institutional setting in which they took place. We could expect agreement to be much more difficult if these were not relatively agreed, clear-cut issues and procedures for working it out. It would also be more difficult if either side were disadvantaged and did not have a spokesman who was accepted as legitimate both by his own society and by the other side. In fact, of course, many federal issues requiring negotiation are not so clear-cut. A model that could well be followed with very little modification is the negotiation about separation. The recognized forms of these negotiations are government-to-government bargaining in a quasi-diplomatic way. The major spokesmen for provincial interests are provincial governments, rather than, say, provincial party activists, federal MPs or federal MPs. In addition, a strong element of ethnic conflict in Canada is that it has usually taken the form of conflict between governments rather than direct conflict between individuals. It may be expected that these procedures would continue in the negotiation of separation, with each side having its own spokesmen. There would, of course, be some important problems with the existing machinery — what role, for example, would the English-Canadian provinces wish to play? They have been suspicious of bilateral negotiations between Ottawa and Quebec in the past but if it seems reasonable to believe that in the level of national order separation implies provincial governments would ally to the federal government and would consider it the logical spokesman and bargainer for English Canada. Again, however, there could well be some differences among the provinces. Another factor which would affect the chances of a successful negotiation is the degree of unity on each side. If there were wide disagreement about the appropriate attitude toward the Quebec decision and about the most desirable goals and tactics to be used, the authority of the spokesman at the bargaining table might be limited. A likely development would be for the officials of both Quebec and Ottawa to be given several broad guidelines by their respective governments, but not to be completely bound and imprisoned of pre-negotiated negotiations by English Canadians unwilling to accept the fact of separation itself and pushing for a positive line. These plans would, in one sense, strengthen the bargaining power of the participants, but in another sense, they would obviously make agreement much harder.

Recent manifestations of widespread social tensions within Quebec call into question the likelihood that the Quebec government would have complete authority within the province. Separation itself could have the effect of rallying and unifying Quebecers, but it could have the opposite effect, too. And disagreements within the population could grow rapidly if wages dropped, unemployment rose and so on. The social mobilization of recent years has increased nationalist demands in Quebec, but also increased internal divisions and disagreements. These could well severely complicate negotiations between the two sides. So, of course, would a separation achieved by leaders who are also radical socialists. Such a development might not only preclude any agreement between French and English Canadians, but also lead to great internal divisions in what was French Canada might well call on English-Canada and to put down the Revolution. There are strong elements of each a scenario in the reactions of the Quebec and Montreal governments to the TLO kidnappings.

Another factor affecting the course of negotiations can be seen in the amount of political resources or bargaining power, available to each side. Both would have considerable leeway to employ, but it seems likely that English Canada would be in a stronger bargaining position. It would always possess the threat of physical

violence — even though its use would be costly and probably repugnant to most English Canadians. It would also pose a threat of other threats which Quebec would have trouble countering, such as economic blockade. Clearly, English Canada would be in a much stronger position to use these kinds of tactics than Quebec. Paradoxically, indeed, English Canada might find itself in a stronger bargaining position after separation than it is in present negotiations with Quebec.

Today, Quebec's bargaining power is partly based on its being the only province that can make any sort of credible threat to break up the country. Any federal government with misadventure of national unity as a major goal is then motivated to make concessions on many substantive issues. This was clearly evident during the Perren years. It has been less obvious since 1968, partly because a French-Canadian prime minister can challenge Quebec government leaders' claims to be sole "representatives" of the French Canadian. Nevertheless, even since 1968, it is obvious that a great many federal policies have been modified in advance to accommodate the Quebec position. But with separation already a fact, Quebec's influence threat would be limited.

English Canada would also probably have stronger support in the international community, especially from the United States. Probably more important is the fact that in a self-bargaining situation French Canada would need to establish "normal" relations and economic partnerships with English Canada areas other than English Canada would with Quebec. Quebec would have both need to gain from negotiations and more to lose, it would then be motivated to make many concessions to English-Canadian interests, though always, of course, short of giving up the claim to sovereignty itself. Breaking all the talks might hurt English Canada it would hurt Quebec more.

Quebec, of course, would not be without its resources, its resources would stem from possession of several things desirable to English Canadians, especially control over English minorities, access to the Maritimes, possession of national governmental assets, and English-Canadian industry. This pattern of resource distribution should ensure both that neither side would be motivated to seek separation and that each would be prepared to make concessions. But it also suggests that, given English Canada's responsiveness on the basic issue of Quebec's sovereignty, and given a willingness on both sides to negotiate, English Canada would be able to negotiate a set of future relationships which would achieve most of its major goals, and which would probably come closer to English Canada's desires than to Quebec's.

What that end-point would be is unclear. For Lévesque is a common market, common monetary system, and cooperative federalism. . . . continued on page 73



THE HARD ECONOMICS OF SEPARATION

Paying up: Who owns what and could it be divided?



Any attempt to split out who owns Quebec runs up against two central facts. The first is that many assets are jointly held, from debt to bonds, from air terminals to company stocks. Early in the major industries is spread across North America, how do you sort out, for instance, who owns Bell Canada, the nation's richest company, headquartered in Montreal? Stocks are held all across the land, so we have resolved that one, in the map above, with a Canadian flag, releasing that all of us, including Quebecers, are involved. Yet all shore is the national capital: areas in defense bases, ports, post offices—even in eight postal institutions. Tearing apart the assets that bind Quebec to the rest of us would be to rip flesh from living flesh not impossible, but painful. The second clear fact is that, since the floods of ownership have been disarranged, many of them are held outside the province and, indeed, outside the country. About 60% of all Quebec manufacturing, 64% of transportation, 42% of services, 40% of mining, 32% of wholesale trade is in foreign—chiefly American—hands. Much of what is left is scattered across Canada. The same applies to the crucial insurance industries and to the financial firms based there. Quebec residents have a firm

grip on their farms, houses, schools, hydro development and, if you accept the provinces' argument about ownership of the resources, communications. But, in our map, we have picked out representative industries and sites in key ownership areas, and the clutter of Canadian flags shows the huge stake all of us have within provincial boundaries. Federal departments and agencies also own properties that cost \$754.345 million, and since some of the purchases date back to 1864 are worth much more today.

It may be that any attempt to split off Quebec as we show it here would be for the impossible task of totting up the separation settlement.

1 Montreal, Shell, biggest oil refinery, Canadian Pacific Railway (assets \$2.2 billion), Bell Canada (assets \$3.4 billion), Royal Bank (biggest financial institution (assets \$10.2 billion), Consolidated Bathurst, largest pulp firm in period, largest tobacco company, Molson Industries, largest brewer, CIL, largest chemical firm, Bell Canada Corporate Services, largest dealer, Sun Life, largest

insurance company, Du Pont of Canada (assets \$204.938 million), Dorel Limited (assets \$137.996 million), Genetec Limited (assets \$270.564 million), Bombardier Concession Nationale (assets \$1.7 billion), Canada Cement Lafarge (assets \$156.704 million). 2 La Micoque, Bombardier under NOB&D control. (to be phased out). 3 Transwestern, controls Ottawa River. 4 Bouché National, largest mining company. 5 Air Canada. 6 2,337 federal buildings (cost \$346.4 million). 7 Chibougamou, one of five radar sites. 8 Schellenberg, Iron Ore Company (assets one billion dollars). 9 Moncton power project. 10 Canadian National. 11 Sept. 1981, one of nine Department of Transport airports. 12 Other federal works (bridges, wharves, etc.), cost \$378.146 million. 13 The St. Lawrence Seaway. 14 Albeston, Johnsonville Corporation (assets \$501.829 million). 15 Sherbrooke, Dorel, largest textile firm. 16 Sorel, Morin Industries (assets \$48.731 million). 17 Valcourt, one of four Canadian Forces bases. 18 Beliveau coal.

MAP BY JAMES COOPER AND PHOTOGRAPH BY JOHN COOPER

LÉVESQUE: THE EXECUTIONER OF CONFEDERATION?

BY AL PURDY

Facing up: Contemplating the power of René Lévesque

At 12:30 on a Thursday I am sitting in the 8th Room of the Senators Hotel in Montreal waiting for René Lévesque. The original meeting was planned for Tuesday, but Lévesque went to Quebec City to address two residents. At 12:40, 10 minutes late, he still hasn't showed. I phoned his secretary at the Park Québec hotel. "Mr. Lévesque is just coming into Montreal airport right now," says Monsieur Doré. "Can you be here at two o'clock?" "Sure," I say feeling like a bride left at the altar.

Two p.m. and Avenue Christophe Colomb. I walk around feeling like the guys Moses used to be throwned. I don't say out what was what. Working-class district, bakeries, greengrocers, small apartment blocks, the CN railway tracks, and here we are, only 100 yards from the headquarters of the Parti Québécois. This is the kind of area so trademarked already that you think nothing could ever happen here. Years from now or sooner this could be the street of a foreign country. Canadians who come to it may be visiting ports or landed immigrants or traveling salesmen to the new nation of Québec. The man I am about to meet would be its president. Strange feelings on Avenue Christophe Colomb. René Lévesque, head of state in the Frenched Land.

I am thinking that Lévesque is the greatest single danger to Canada. And I mean the united Canada of 1971 which still includes Québec. Lévesque himself says that Canada would be far better off without Québec, and that the rest of the country could then decide what it wanted to be: whether a collection of nearly independent states under a weak central government, or a strong federal union with most of the decisions made in a national capital. The reasons why Lévesque is so dangerous are most convincing. As leader of the Parti Québécois, he advocates the same policy of separation from Canada for Québec as his followers, and says there is little difference between himself and his more ardent henchmen. Lévesque, of course, knows-argues the FLQ terrorized. Watching him on TV, I've said to myself: Separatism is separatism, but just the same I'd prefer to distrust a guy I like rather than the somewhat porous faces of Pierre Trudeau and shadowy grimes behind.

Lévesque is dangerous to a united Canada because he is the most polished and expert politician in the country. Far more accomplished than Pierre Trudeau, who merely observed the politicians named Trudeauism and then threw trash to take advantage of it. With René Lévesque

years of adjusting his expression to the TV camera, altering his voice of noise to meet the reaction of a crowd, knowing by instinct progression that an audience is a politician personally—these years on the public stage have made Lévesque a consummate actor. This rare bird, a politician who connects almost everyone that he is night Québec separatism is inevitable.

Canadians have had some pretty stupid ideas of what being an expert politician consisted of. Paul Martin was thought to be one a few years ago. And would you say Mitchell Sharp in 1972? But who ever believed anything Paul Martin said—except Paul Martin? And is Mitchell Sharp really any better? Edgar Bousquet. Let's say an accomplished politician is a man most people believe in. Generally he doesn't have power, after he gets that he's called a statesman. The power-attitude politicians are very few. Few have learned how to operate in the nuclear age of the TV age— that last epoch ending over since one man convinced more he knew what was best for both of them. Few have learned the lessons given by the royal family of Kennedy in the United States. But Lévesque has.

He has talked, debated, lectured and uncoloured spectators at just about every institution of higher learning in the country, and the students love it. I saw him on the program *After Dark* with Fred Davis one Sunday night. Despite suspect nationalism among the students howling like adolescent puppies, they graciously listened over him. The shock at seeing a leader of a political party take down their judgment. I'm sure he converted more that night than the min with the leaves and fives. The thing is there have been many private reactions in Québec and some in the rest. By featuring these in student confrontations, along with a mixture of humble defiance and witty reason, Lévesque is widening the areas of Canada that will be familiar with and resigned to, separatism. As he said once himself: "I'm a performer. It's a skill and I'm pretty good at it. After all, I had 15 years experience in radio and television before I went into politics. But I ignore the applause; it doesn't really mean anything, except that I performed well." He is the public face of the Parti Québécois, the voice, guitar, master of confidence in his party, consummate politician, human being and the best he has between the maelstrom of separatist and the FLQ. It is a free day on Avenue Christophe Colomb, but I am a party, suspense, startled when I say to myself that a man that appealing can't be all that good.

The PQ building is painted bright blue, with a blue French-deck flag waving on the band, and equipped with spotlights to light

the place at night. The blue paint enables you to pick it out immediately from the dull-colored buildings surrounding it—like a fancy woman at a shabby social. Or like a fat, when you need to know the password to get in.

I spend the next few minutes shifting from one foot to the other, while PQ campaign workers dash around me bearing dispatches and cell phones. A beautiful girl brings me a chair and says sweetly, "Mr. Lévesque will be here soon." I don't know if I want to see Lévesque now, I would rather stay with her.

Forty minutes later Lévesque appears, carrying a briefcase and walking like a break, small general. He shakes my hand and says, "I'm sorry to have kept you waiting. I'll be with you in a few minutes." He actually is sorry, too. We go upstairs to his office, he disappearing behind a big desk. I find only with my 35 questions. Not much like a run-of-the-mill journalist, I'm afraid.

So I sit here, while he fiddles with papers and discovers coffee for both of us. He talks and I talk, and I wonder what I think of him. Swedish dinner men wearing well-cut clothes—he talks like a nice guy playing poker for enjoyment, but wouldn't dream of losing. Faced with life, and showing it. Like the corner street who won't break going too much credit. The formal suit and tie, youth, disheveled clean-shaven right across the desk from you. That a revolutionary? "Yes," he says, "I am a revolutionary. But there are two kinds, and you have to make a difference. The one kind changes the world, and the other does it with votes. I'm the second kind."

Watching him, I see Fidel Castro again during his May Day speech in Havana, Cuba, when I was there in 1964. A million people listening to him, and they rose together. The sound without fail. His fan, palm tree, his hair combed like whiskey, so that he seems to grow physically larger. A separate nerve connects Fidel with each person there. None of them can say anyone else. They are all hypnotized. No one even glances sideways at his neighbor's face: they stare at one man, their faith, their flag, the thing they have not done or do not want to do. They are out of their own hair, a kind of song in the flesh that makes one man a million.

How easy to believe one man more than you, and give your faith to him. But later how painful to think oneself a fool—a far Caesar's tale, or any other. Dr. Fukier at Chicago was either Jean's confidant and went to sack the pole from an ordinary meeting man, a saint?

Across the desk from him, I try to imagine Lévesque plodding down the Sierra Maestra mountains, leading his guerrillas into Mexico, snipping up in Ontario. Province, the Québec making a quiet trade here, the two comrades leading a bush in discovery. Lévesque with a machine gun gnawing his shoulder, looking a grenade into Washington? Ridiculous.

But then, I think, revolutionaries are of more than two kinds. And this one learned his trade on TV, in smoky editorial rooms, his words are gentle but he would other people's attention a little gas down the English down a glass screen, and plant doubt in the subtext of the heart. Not quite so malicious as it seems. Not quite so impossible to use him there in the TV studios, addressing the Québec nation. Frenzied of panic and delight. The guy who tells almost like you except it's French and he's a little stiff from the glowing book-table. He walks like a dancer. He's a dancer.

The dinner men, to convincing he convinced himself long ago. Facing me seems a drink, so friendly in this electric period, why does it seem so distant and the game does not mislead.

All the questions I ask Lévesque are ordinary questions, the kind he's answered in interviews 1,000 times. I've heard the answers he gives so often that it's slightly boring. Not that separatism itself is boring, just the language used has limitations when you use it the same way every time.

But one bit of information is new to me. When I ask about the War Measures Act, Lévesque says Québec Premier Robert Bourassa reacted in completely during the 1970 crisis. "Bourassa panicked and fired his own house in protest. He looked like finally saw a cat and a fish dealer in the Queen Elizabeth Road to downtown Montreal. For two weeks Québec had no government." And Lévesque's voice has an edge of contempt.

"Tell me about yourself," I say. "What do you think is your particular strength, the quality that makes you leader of the PQ? Is it is personality, self-willing, decision-making? What?"

Maybe the question surprises him, but it's hard to tell because he's a pretty easy guy. In any case he takes more time to answer, and seems to think about it more, than the other questions. He might not have cared to admit there was anything extraordinary about himself, which means that the performer understands a particular audience reaction. But I am not his audience except superficially. The real audience is whoever reads his place.

"Personally," Lévesque says, "I am not a very ordinary person. That's my strength. When I feel something the people will be close behind in Québec. I represent the main stream of change in the area that is nearly upon us."

I leave René Lévesque's office and go out onto the street, feeling like a dewdrop in the real world. The sun is shining and I look down the block are playing beautiful French music. It's ordinary—only I think of Béatrice and the race with an American crowd. At St. Hubert, where Pierre Laporte was murdered, probably looks ordinary too. On Avenue Christophe Colomb, where he is shining, and a lot of places at the moment when I get into the car, saying the Ontario license plates.

On Highway 20, driving west to the Québec border, I think of that conversation. I should have interviewed him. It is like a photograph record meaning backward in my mind. At one point he compared the attitude of southerners during the U.S. Civil War to what he thinks the rest of Canada feels about Québec. "We didn't hold onto our opinions." It's a very curious comment.

Lévesque confesses all my questions about the future of Canada. For I don't believe that girl about how much more things would be for all of us after Québec separates, and how we could all be friends. That's the candy he's holding out to audiences on his foreign lecture tours in the rest of the world. He has the power to be the most successful old friend when we all like, converting unbelievers and getting them sold to the idea that we really must listen to get along "without our riggers" in Québec. This might be in a reassuring concept anyway, and I don't believe Canadians feel that way about Québec. But I do believe they think Québec is necessary. / continued on page 93



IN THE BEGINNING ARTHUR HAILEY CREATED HOTEL AND AIRPORT AND SAW THAT IT WAS GOOD

BY JUNE CALWOOD

The secret literary techniques of the greatest writer ever told

There is something about reports of Arthur Hailey's writing technique: the computer work lists, the files, the freshly sharpened pencils, the charts on the wall and something about Arthur Hailey himself, a courteous, unassuming, boyish, rounded, self-effacing, confident, generous, springy-stepped, unfeigned, sentimental, punctilious, prudent, quiet, honest man, and something about the books that Hailey writes, among them *Maverick Airport* and, now, *Whorls*, all of them full of order, aptness and an unconscious power—something about all this wholeness that fills a good many to the belief that Hailey's success is easy to explain. It is not.

Hailey is becoming sensitive about the legends that are building about his technology, which suggest to him an element of contempt for the human factor that goes into writing a book. He is not sure. The creative factor, he knows, cannot be deconstructed, photographed or comprehended, and he feels uneasy at all the interest that falls by default on his living system. He is therefore not enthusiastic these days about a public display of the wonderfully illustrated sketches of a book he has just written: she took it home, and the faith restored.

Allowing for the impossibility of stopping Hailey's skill to watch his word transitions leading up the plot, an account of how Arthur Hailey wrote *Whorls* is never thicker, instructive, for Hailey has made names on set form and *Whorls* is the book that made publishing history because it earned its author more than a million dollars before he had even finished it.

Whorls began four years ago, while Hailey was still writing *Airport*. He was already considering possible subjects for his next book and had about a half dozen in mind, among them department stores—*and* *Encounters of the Third Kind*—and *Whorls*—*but* he kept returning to an old favorite, automotive sales.

The seed plot was to try the idea on his editor at Doubleday, Lee Barber, a man whose judgment Hailey respects so much that he needed no retelling him after Barber had passed Doubleday's official retirement age. Doubleday does not agree with Hailey on such matters. Barber had a magazine. Why restrict the book to car dealers? Why not go all the way and write about the entire automotive industry?

He talked it with his New York agent, a disapprovingly grandmotherly-looking woman of conspicuous shrewdness and nerve named Mavis Scottigan. Mrs. Scottigan described herself as a "Hailey-type woman" with good reason

When Hailey makes a million dollars, which is not an unusual occurrence, Mrs. Scottigan's cut is 10% or \$100,000. Hailey says flatly that she is worth every cent of it. They have to contract beyond a handshake years ago when he started to write and she arranged his first U.S. sale. Mrs. Scottigan approved of the automobile industry theme.

On November 10, 1967, only two months after the *Airport* manuscript had been delivered to Doubleday, Hailey signed the contract for his next book for a full-million-dollar advance on royalties payable in two installments, half on signing and half on completion of what was described as an "unfaded novel," subject unspecified.

Nelson Doubleday, head of the world's largest publishing house, has a friend, Skid Livingston, who is an automotive-parts manufacturer and a member of an established Grosse Pointe family with impeccable connections among Detroit's car tycoons. Doubleday connected him and Livingston promptly invited Hailey and his wife Sheila to be his house guests. Livingston's home appears in *Whorls*. It is the one with the swimming pool in the living room.

Following that encounter, Livingston, on January 11, 1968, arranged a cocktail party to introduce Hailey to Detroit. Among the guests was Walter B. Ford III, a brother-in-law of Henry Ford.

Hailey is a dancing man and radiates integrity. It is not surprising that Ford, and then General Motors and later Chrysler, wanted him invited and allowed him access to everything he wanted to see, even the heavily guarded dealers where cars of the future are being designed. Hailey is aware that his good name is a business asset and goes to unusual lengths to preserve a confidence.

The research started with appointments with the design analysts at Ford and General Motors, the two companies where he concentrated most of his research, though he was welcomed at Chrysler as well, and the automotive company that forms the unnamed background of *Whorls* is a skillful amalgam of all three. Hailey's notoriety interview schedule is likewise, about two people a day, but seldom 154 cars whipped up the space, scheduling one hour sessions a half hour apart from morning to dusk. He often dropped asleep in the midst of putting his reflections on a dictating machine at the end of the day.

From the executives, Hailey moved to middle-management people and then to the plant itself, where he talked with foremen, men at the assembly line, ghetto blacks being trained in the industry's recently developed hard



2. Next do an outline of the story you want to tell, list some of the good sounding names you thought up, and send the whole thing to your agent.



3. Do listen to what your agent has to say because the lunches of the Agent every day of a lot of top New York editors and the know about these things.

HAILEY WRITES AGAIN

It's called *Whorls* and it's Arthur Hailey's new novel on the car industry. It has been produced by the showing of his novel with thanks also to a team of researchers, Lee Barber, a editor of Doubleday, Mavis Scottigan, his New York agent, and Sheila, the wife who suffered with him the pains of creation. Understand that Arthur Hailey is an artist obsessed by fastidious accuracy. When literary homework men for novels like *Maverick Airport* or *Whorls* the Hailey Reports, a guide to how it's done. Top attention and maybe you too can make a million bucks.



1. First make a list of good-sounding names and keep it handy. That way you won't end up with two names that sound the same.



4. Above all know your characters. Keep file cards on them once you've dreamed up who they are, their hobbies, hang-ups and stuff like that.



SWEET SWEDEN / BY PETER C. NEWMAN

Silence, schnapps, sex and socialism on the road to Utopia

STOCKHOLM—In the language of Canadians of a certain age and political persuasion (the middle generation of liberals) Sweden for the last 20 years or so has served as a kind of shorthand symbol for a flourishing Utopia. You know the kind of situation I mean: two socially aware, politically involved, deadily serious people are talking about a Canadian Problem and they end their conversation of our absurdities by saying, "Now in Sweden, they solve this as simply by..."

Certainly, if most Canadians had to make a list of Worried Nations, Sweden would probably come at the top. The Swedes have solved virtually all the important economic and social issues that preoccupy governments. They have abolished poverty, defeated unemployment, wiped out disease, banished ignorance, redistributed wealth, dispelled sexual repression and confounded ideology by building the world's best living standard on capitalist production and socialist distribution.

Eight million characters in search of an author, the Swedes are breeding individuals despised by introspection. Their country (Europe's fourth largest which, if it could be using at its southernmost point, would stretch down to Naples) is a clean, well-lighted place. The industrial revolution came late to Sweden, only 50 years ago it was one of the most backward nations of Europe. There is little architectural ugliness. Superhighways glide by 19th-century castles, factories are self-consciously cast-iron. It is a country obsessed with orderliness. Nothing seems improved—from the way farmers pile their firewood to the elegant folds in restaurant napkins. Everything is perfectly tidy. And silent. It is the silence of Sweden that really sets it apart from other countries.

Sweden's silence is something more than the absence of sound. It's a kind of transcendental stillness, deafening in its intensity—as if written in repugnance of some primordial, tongueless sort were implacably proceeding. Trees, bushes and streams full of speechless people ramble through the

avenues of Stockholm like wheeled willows. There are few street sounds, little clatter of traffic or crash of children, clean walls cry out for decoration.

Russian friends hearing when they get excited, the French kiss Swedes show emotion with a firm, mute handshake, and when they do speak the cadence of their language reduces the exchange to the inaudibility of a weather forecast. They are a nation of spectacle wipers. You ask them a question and, figuratively or literally, they pause to wipe their spectacles before they answer. Conversation thus becomes a series of pauses interrupted by words.

One reason for all this silence is that the Swedish character was formed by the nation's rural past, when nearly everyone lived in isolated hamlets, with only a weekly church service to interrupt their solitude. This legacy has imbued the Swedes with a spiritual loneliness they call *ensamhet*, which is their most venerable characteristic. In a typical Swedish anecdote, an emigrant to America returns home after 30 years and even one of his boyhood friends to the local bar for a schnapps. After an hour of drinking they've still not spoken and the waiter finally asks, "Well, how's

everything, anyway?" His friend groans: "Hell, I thought we were going to drink, not make a lot of conversation."

The crew cut makes him look like the second-string coach of a midwestern football team, but the darting blue eyes and sensitive, rabbit nose mark him as an intensely political animal. At 44, Olof Palme, the Prime Minister of Sweden, is Western Europe's youngest, most radical and least fatalistic head of government. Deep into Swedish politics for the past 30 years, he was exiled for the 10 months he spent hitchhiking through 34 states of the U.S. during the last Forties. He says it was the poverty surrounded by affluence he saw on the journey that inspired his deep conviction to undertake Palme's ideology is real and much of Sweden's current unrest stems from his intention to turn Sweden into something close to a shadow society. "You know socialism," he says—tossing public opinion before you do anything," he says. "Without an ideological commitment and a real will behind present policies, you only have accommodation: from one day to another."

An attentional rebel in a country that still clings like an old maid to social norms, Palme, when he was Minister of Education, took part in a march on the U.S. embassy in Stockholm to protest the Vietnam war. His great fear is fascism in all its forms. "Today's radicals just sit and wait for the revolution," he says. "They say 'Everything has to collapse before we can begin to do anything.' But it is possible to get within the existing system and make it. The longer you sit outside, the greater is the risk of fascism or at least reaction."

I met Palme in the cafeteria of Stockholm's new parliament building, a sleek structure with aluminum ceilings, hyacinth carpets and birchwood walls. Discreetly chewing gum and swaying his leg over an armchair, he talked softly about the social equality he is trying to achieve. "We were afraid because of my Utopian ideas which / continued on page 51



SPEED

The bicycle started it all. And it probably happened first on the winner's day in 1994 when Tim McCarthy of the Athletes' Bicycle Club of Toronto climbed precariously aboard the high seat of his safety bike, took off down Toronto's Eglinton Road on the first lap of the first annual Duple Trophy race, a 20-mile contest, and before he was out of sight of the starting line set the superbly exhilarating speed of 12 miles per hour. McCarthy eventually won the race for his Athletes' Club — though not without a later court challenge from the second-place, Royd Canadian who claimed that he did not actually circle the barrel marking the halfway point, as he should have, but merely cut across in front of it — and, as his way, he accomplished something that reached much further than mere victory into the future of Canada's sports history. Ever since that 1994 summer day or thereabouts, in an apparently respectable threat for now high in their speed, Canadians have conceived a remarkable variety of mechanical ways to move quickly — and, in some cases, to kill themselves just as swiftly.

Mike Duff began as a teen-ager riding motorcycles in the small-time events on dirt tracks in southern Ontario. His success persuaded him in 1960 to check his studies in aeronautical engineering in favor of a crack at the big-time European circuit. In four months, he didn't come close to winning a race and he landed home in Toronto flat broke. But a note from his parents sent him back to Europe the following season with two new \$1,000 bikes, and this time he began to show strong flashes in a number of races.

He worked diligently at the technical details that spell the any difference between winners and also-rans. He heeded, for instance, to take a corner at 160 mph, but his cycle didn't shake level with the track, without

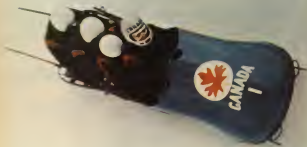
skimming the side of his boot along the pavement to slide off himself. And, as he entered such lesions, he began to finish regularly up among the winners.

By the mid-1960s, Duff was celebrated as one of motorcycling's premier racers all over western and eastern Europe where, in contrast to Canada, the sport enjoyed enormous popularity — 350,000 fans turned out to one weekend event in East Germany in 1964. He won races in every class of cycle — 250, 350, and 500-cc models, the numbers, which refer to the volume of the engine cylinder, indicating the bikes' increased sizes all the way up to the bulky 500-cc model.

In 1965, his accumulation of points in the 17 Grand Prix races that counted toward the world championship established that he was the world's number two rider in the 250-cc class and near the top in the other classes. He was good enough to earn over \$30,000 in prize money that year and to be taken on as one of the two contract riders by the Yamaha company, a firm that spent \$300,000 developing racing cycles for their stable of two men.

But Duff's victories cost him a high price in physical pain, some of it permanent. In 1964, as he lay on the operating table of a Tokyo hospital, he screamed through the anesthesia, pleading with the doctor not to amputate a finger that had been cut through to a single tendon in a 350-cc crash during a practice run for the Japanese Grand Prix. The doctor saved the finger, but the following year Duff was back in the Tokyo hospital after another spill. This time he had down his left thigh bone through a hip socket when he jumped his leg against a guard rail. He came out of the hospital with a lifetime limp, but the experience and the pain didn't keep him away from the tracks. He continued his career into the late 1960s, until a member of the Yamaha





team, still a work-in-progress driver, called by a wide margin, the best motorcycle racer Canada ever produced, and still a little shrouded and largely unknown at home.

"It wasn't in me then, not the best motorcycle riders, I was seeing something close to a dream state of man and vehicle. No one watches one of the great Swedish riders come cresting off the crown of a hill under maximum power and nearly plummeting in the air to change the take-off angle so that it would look when it landed could change. My own sporting predilection was more to the contemplative, but to be blind to these riders' feats was to miss something explicit in all of our native transportation which was underhanded in such hands." Thomas McGowan, in Sports Illustrated, May 3, 1971

Peter Ryan was the well-to-do son of the founder of the Mount Tremblant ski complex, the Laurentides and the first authentically renowned figure of Canadian speed. Ryan was in line with speed. He raced eagerly, and though he marked near the top of Canadian ski racing in the late 1950s he shouldered this in favor of cars. "I skiing," he said, "all that can happen is that you can break your leg."

Ryan attacked car racing with devotion, money and the cool luxury of a midwestern. "You live in a higher way during a race," he once said, "everything is a duller after." His skill and his bravado and his blond good looks attracted a following. — His ride more than others drivers'. — On Canadian racing officials said of him, — and even though he was young and relatively inexperienced Ryan seemed capable of delivering on his promise. He drove his Porsche 904 in the Canadian championship in his class in 1960, and he managed some high places in races in California and Europe. But all of his ambitions, and Canadian hopes for a driver to match the champions from other countries, ended when Ryan was killed in a race at Rheims in the summer of 1962.

"We're just approaching him: Technology is outstripping the driver. At Indianapolis this year the pole car will average 175 mph at Michigan International Speedway two years ago I ran 183 mph, and at a new track in Texas this season we'll be averaging 195. Things happen before you can react. It isn't in the car when you know an engine, for example, you had

time to pay the check, but now you're in the wall facilitated before you realize what happened. Something's got to be done." Memo to driver, racing-car driver, May 1970

Canadian racing took several leaps forward through the mid-1960s with, in expression and in the values of its men and not its drivers, it united with other countries on the international circuit. The arrival on Canadian tracks of the most gifted international drivers spurred Canada's own men, but the driver who most struck other Canadians in an authentic office star was, in with Peter Ryan a few years earlier, a young and relatively inexperienced competitor. He was George Eaton, small, blond, striding-looking in the first style of a rock musician and, as the son of the richest man in Canada, John David Eaton of the department store empire, enormously wealthy.

In personality, Eaton showed the racing world a combination of fiery caution and the special kind of arrogance that belongs only to young men born rich. Eaton made it a point, for example, rarely to race with his crew and the other drivers after a race. In Edmonton for the 1969 Can-Am race in which he finished third, Eaton, unlike his fellow drivers and officials, ducked out of the pressuring. "I drove the race and won the money," he said later. "I don't like his person and I know there would be a big crowd at that one."

One quality he shares with all drivers is a talent for enduring agony. Racing had racing cars through 100 racing miles at high speeds is a simple kind of torture — and Eaton knows how to absorb it. In one race, the Can-Am at Mosport in June 1968, he held his car in the 80-kph grid, ending a creditable race, with his machine oversteering to the point where 120 degrees he finished, staggered from his car, vomited and collapsed. The back of the seat in his cockpit was, physically too hot for a bare back to touch and on the floor of the cockpit riveted a large pool of liquid — his own sweat.

His endurance and his intuitive touch with a car pushed Eaton up into the advanced ranks of the racing circuit with remarkable ease. He began his full-time driving career in 1965, only 22 years old, but in his very first season he accumulated enough points in Can-Am races to finish in seventh place among all drivers and to pick up over \$11,000 in prizes. In 1969 he suffered a

trying load of disappointments, statistics where he finished for back at his first finish at all. He experienced a couple of crashes that left him slightly shaken but physically intact, and he had trouble obtaining his sponsors, those heart-stopping moments when the car shivers in crisis and swerves on the track momentarily out of control, and sometimes valuable racing seconds to the other cars. But for a young man in his second full season his final record was admirable. By the end of the year he showed a total of 18 points in Can-Am competition, placing him in fifth place among the drivers, and a total of \$51,300 in prize money from all races. (By comparison, the top driver, Bruce McLaren, the New Zealander who was killed in 1970, earned 163 points and \$166,963 in prizes.)

But Eaton's most significant reward was a contest with England's British Racing Motors to join its racing ranks in one of three drivers of B.R.M.'s Formula One cars. The Formula One contribute the very elite of car racing. They take part in the races on the international Grand Prix circuit, in such events as the Monaco and Spain Grand Prix and the Zandvoort in Holland. Some only 16 cars are permitted in these races, Eaton's contract, which also made him B.R.M.'s number one driver in the Can-Am series, served as instant recognition that he belonged in the world's fastest company. "George has the makings," said Leon Sweeney, B.R.M.'s co-director. "He drives a car with sympathy. He's young and he has things to learn, but in a couple of years he'll make his mark."

"Why do I race? There are a lot of reasons and there's no answer, you know? One thing, it's exciting. Some days when you're heading out and seeing out of the corner just right, you fall into a beautiful rhythm, a beautiful pattern. It's almost euphoric. I'll tell you one thing, I don't know when, I don't know where, but for some time now you're going in or out where you're moving or just walking across the street. Now the way you spend your days here it's up to you. Now maybe it means you sometimes have to take a chance — stick your neck out — but if there's a part of the things you enjoy doing, then it's your own choice." George Eaton, racing-car driver, 1970.

Victor Eberly and Lamont Gordon wrote like George Eaton, dedicated to a sport that / continued on page 99

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

BY WALTER STEWART

It is Allan Blakeney's fate to have become premier of Saskatchewan when what it needs is a messiah



Glen Wilner is a drylands farmer, and a good one. He works 960 acres, most of it lush wheatland, just outside the Saskatchewan village of Devilon, between Regina and Saskatoon. His father farmed the same land, and his grandfather before him, and they were good farmers, too. After two years of university, Wilner worked in Regina for the federal Department of Agriculture, then he was called home to take over the farm from his aging parent. That was 19 years ago, and he has been working hard and getting somewhat overpaid. The investment behind him, in land, buildings and machinery, must be more than \$300,000, but he lives on a \$150 credit shown against his next crop payment at the local co-op. He has a car, but can't afford the license, so the family uses the farm truck for trips to town. When his beans needed a new roof last spring, he traded wheat to Saskatoon and swapped it, at 60 cents a bushel, for shingles. Wilner is a tall man, and so skinny his singularity almost hurts the eye. He has a wife and five children and a black future. "All I know," he says, "is that we don't have any money and we don't spend any." In the Saskatchewan provincial election in June, he worked hard for the NDP and was glad to see the party overthrow the Liberals after seven years in power, but he's not sure now what the victory means. "I don't imagine the provincial government can do much anyway," he says. "Ottawa seems to have all the money."

Wilner is a patient man, even stubborn. He would not join the federal government's Operation LIFE last year — which would have paid him six dollars an acre to take his wheatfields out of production — because he believes it is immoral not to grow food in a starving world and because, well,

"I've spent all my life studying how to grow the stuff, and to keep it from growing." But behind his patience and his stoicism is the beginnings of a deadly rage. He is harvesting wheat he doesn't know how he will sell, piling up debts he doesn't know how he will pay, his tightly-knit family is starving up because he is determined to get his older boys out of the farming trap, though he remains convinced that country living is better than city crowding. When the National Farmers Union organized a tractor parade last year, he joined them — "Not that I did much good, but at least it let people know we were here." Wilner expects more parades and tougher protests, and he will join them, too. "Farmers have been talking and talking, and now they want action. Since one of the boys is talking about really taking things up, and I don't blame them." What will they do? He doesn't know, he only hopes it brings results from the federal government.

Wilner looks to Allan Emery Blakeney to carry his fight to Ottawa. The new premier is about as different from Wilner as he can be. He is a pudgy man of medium height, with straight black hair, quick brown eyes and the general look of a successful small-town merchant. He even has a belly laugh, a kind of burled knee-baiter you can imagine taking along the counter of a dry-goods store. It's a fraud, behind the too-bur-bur looks one of the shapeliest legal minds in the nation, behind the great bouccaron is a cool and permanent cynicism. Blakeney will answer any question, even a silly one, but always guardedly. You ask the question and there is a brief pause, while the short, capable hands pick up a pen, tap it once, turn it over, lay it down, then back comes the answer, perfectly

tamed, maddled with facts, shaped to press an argument home. Blakeney speaks not merely in sentences but in paragraphs. He has no small talk, no gossip, even his jokes are pointed. (He made great play with the Liberal slogan — "The Liberals — they can do more for Saskatchewan.") He would say, "Unemployment is up, wheat sales are down, factories are closing — and the Liberals, they can do more." A shrill limited says, "All his trouble projecting such warmth," and it's true because everything he says and does seems to be weighed and calculated. Not that he lacks emotions, when he gets onto his economic subjects — western agriculture, federal-provincial relations, the squawking of the defeated Grits — he rears into them, but always in perfect order. He is one of the few politicians I ever interviewed who will say, "There are four points to be considered here..." and will get interrupted after point two and forget the rest.

Control is the key, everything about him is controlled, from the clothes he wears — neat, but not too neat — to the information he puts out about himself. Blakeney has been married twice. His first wife, Meryl, died suddenly in 1957 of a heart condition, leaving him with two small children. Two years later, he married Anne, Meryl's best friend, and has two more children by her. Nowhere in any of his literature or in any of the stories I read about him does this fact appear. Robert Shenfield, who went through the same process, lists both his wives as the Parliamentary Clerk, reading Blakeney's entry, you would never know he had a first wife. Not that it's any big secret — although few of his colleagues know about the first marriage — it's just something private, something behind the wall / continued on page 69



KILL'EM! CRUSH'EM! EAT'EM RAW!

My painful memories of the gridiron

BY JOHN McMURTRY

A few months ago my neck got a hard crack in it. I couldn't turn my head to look left or right. I'd have to turn my whole body. But I'd had cracks in my neck since I started playing grade-school football and hockey, so I just ignored it. Then I began to notice that when I reached for my sort of large book (which I do pretty often as a philosophy teacher at the University of Guelph) I had trouble lifting it with one hand. I was losing the strength in my left arm, and I had such a steady pain in my back I often had to stretch out on the floor of the room I was in to relieve the pressure.

A few weeks later I mentioned to my brother, an orthopedic surgeon, that I'd lost the power in my arm since my neck began to hurt. Twenty-four hours later I was in a Toronto hospital not sure whether I might end up with a twisted upper limb. Apparently the steady pounding I had received playing underage and professional football in the late fifties and early Sixties had driven my head into my backbone so that the discs had crumpled together at the neck — "acute herniation" — and had cut the nerves to my left arm like a grounded telephone wire (without nerve stimulation, of course, the muscles atrophy, leaving the arm crippled). So I spent my Christmas holidays in the hospital in heavy traction and much of the next three months with my neck in a brace. Today most of the pain has gone, and I've recovered most of the strength in my arm. But from time to time I still have to do the lesson, and surgery remains a possibility.

Not much of this will surprise anyone who knows football. It is a sport in which body wearage is one of the leading conventions. A few days after I went into hospital for that crack in my neck, another brother, an outstanding football player in college, was undergoing spinal surgery in the same hospital two floors above me. In his case it was a lower, more massive herniation, which every now and again buckled him so that he was unable to lift himself off his back for days at a time. By the time he entered the hospital for surgery he had already spent several months in bed. The operation was successful, but, as in all such cases, it will take him a year to recover fully.

These aren't isolated experiences. Just about anybody who has ever played football for any length of time, in high school, college or one of the professional leagues, has suffered for it later physically.

Indeed, it is singular that body abutting in the very name of football, in killing and maiming are of war. (In the United States, for example, the game results in 15 to 20 deaths a year and about 50,000 major operations on knees alone.) To grasp some of the more conspicuous similarities between football and war, it is instructive to listen to the observations most frequently issued to the players by

their coaches, teammates and fans. "Start em!" "Level em!" "Kill 'em!" "Take 'em apart!" Or watch for the plays that are most enthusiastically applauded by the fans. Where someone is "hounded," "knocked silly," "crushed," "riddled," "broken in two," or even "crucified" (one of my coaches when I played center linebacker with the Calgary Stampeders in 1961 elaborated, often very effectively, on the language of destruction, admonishing us to "knock" the opponent, "make 'em remember you" and "stop 'em like a big '7") But in ice hockey, where a fight will bring fans to their feet more often than a skilled play, so in football the mouth waters most of all for the really ripping block or tackle. For the kill. Thus the good teams are "savage," the best players are "brutes" and "assholes" are as much a part of the game as they are of a war.

The family resemblance between football and war is, indeed, striking. Their languages are similar: "field general," "linebacker," "line," "take a shot," "shoot him," "pursue," "good hit," "the draft" and so on. Their principles and practices are alike: mass hysteria, the art of intimidation, absolute obedience and blind obedience, national aggression, censorship, inflated images and propaganda, inflated incomes and strategies, drills, uniforms, formations, marching bands and marching camps. And the virtues they celebrate are almost identical: hyper-aggressiveness, coolness under fire and suicidal bravery. All this has been implicitly recognized by such jingo-loving Americans as media stars General Patton and President Nixon, who have talked about war as a football game. Patton wanted to make his Second World War tank men look like football players. And Nixon, as we know, is fond of comparing attacks on Vietnam to football plays and drawing cowardly diagrams on a blackboard for TV war films.

One difference between war and football, though, is that there is little or no protest against football. Perhaps the most extraordinary thing about the game is that the systematic infliction of injuries exacted on people not consents, as would be the case if they were sentenced at, say, a rock festival, but a collective enjoying and cheering. Players and fans alike revel in the spectacle of a combatant lifted into semiconsciousness, "knocked," "crushed" or "decapitated." I can remember, / continued on page 38



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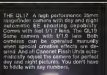
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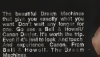
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MY CANADA from page 9

Active Post, swimming whorly and stately through the Strait of Georgia. A study in blue, white, green, grey. And when the tide goes out I can gather oysters. 'Oat' once more. It's my country.

But what is my Canada? This best and very tempery world as a Gulf Island is just a corner, and I don't own a sack of it. I don't possess my real estate. My Canada it turned out, a fantasy that changes as I change. I can't fix it.

When I was a schoolgirl in Victoria, BC, there was that big event, the coronation. Not Elizabeth — Kate. Corcoran the Sixth. I remember the coronation map that became a part of the household shrine, though I don't remember how we got them at school, or why. I remember flapping my hand at the King and Queen as they drove through the streets of the city when they came to visit. "I suppose that's a part of my Canada. It's a vivid memory. The weather was fine. But I think I became a Canadian and changed my country when I was 17 and arrived at political consciousness. That sense of being a Canadian was later amplified and made more subtle by a literary coast romance and a personal broadening of my horizons.

These things come to pass not in the very robes of my briefs, slacks, but in places, and the places are all mixed in with love, friendship, food, seasons, poems, accents and accents. I could name you poets, restaurateurs, hotel rooms, beaches, grassy woods, classrooms and bar tables that are in much my Canada as Parliament Hill or the oceanic reaches of the west coast. But I'm not writing a novel.

When I was 17, the war had not yet burned and blotted in a half-remembered way my social sciences teacher tumbled her checks off to the BC legislature she didn't know the trip was going to launch a teenage "indictor" and that law, years later I would be reminded in a provincial election, the youngest candidate ever fielded at that time, for the OCF. In 1945, the OCF had been denouncing, among other things, votes for Atomic and nuclear bombs. That phrase in the party platform was far too a signboard and I jumped in. In 1949 the OCF ran the first Indian candidate. He was I lost. (Living is one of the important experiences in the life of a Canadian, but there's no need to make a habit of it.) So at that time I was beginning to identify the needs of the country and project a vision of what it could be.

I can tell you a fifth temple on a high hill in Victoria where I gave a campaign speech. The beautiful woman continued on page 49



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Try these delicious Sandeman sherries from Spain: Dry, Don, Amador, Golden and Cream Sherry.

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Canada imports more cherries and more port from Australia than from any other country. Because Canadians are particular about their wining and dining.

Canadians in general seem to be enjoying a pleasant surprise. A glass of Australian cherris before dinner, a glass of Australian port afterwards. And perhaps a fine Australian brandy. This choice from a wide selection, all available under a multitude of famous brand names.

Australian cherris and ports are superb. They start with excellent grapes. Palomares, Pinot Noirs and Shirazs ripen in sun of this world's ideal climate. Then the Australian wineries, using the centuries of tradition and experience, do their best. And when they are finished this wine is one of the finest for drinking to health, including an improvement of table wine.

Small wonder Canadians choose Australian cherris and ports over those from any other country.

The Australian Wine Board

THE FINE WINES OF AUSTRALIA.

MY CANADA COSTS

as it they said — suffice, green, plain, curise — on one side of the table, the busdone men in their tunics on the other, a great band of men show my hand, in argument by my side. And the growing thought: "We had their wine."

I've skated over some pretty thin ice in my time, but when I first realized on water I knew I'd finally made the Canadian sister. Before I moved to Quebec, I'd never seen a large body of water frozen so hard tracks could drive over it. When I walked on Lac St. Louis de Ste Anne de Bellevue, I understood something about winter. A person begins skating out on the cold air. "Almost a Jesus, I walk on water white with a white stone."

Yes, this was really Canada! Snow, ice, freezing rain, true drops in altitude, precise, changing against a blue sky. In Quebec, each season was a challenge. Winds and drifts in winter, heat and humidity in summer, spring sprang out like a green lion, and autumn was almost too beautiful to bear. It was a challenge, but after a few seasons you realize the climate was a form of natural madness and died.

Each of my self-imposed exiles — to England, France and the U.S. — ended in return. Now for a permanent resident. Why? One day in Paris, sitting in a cold downing one more cup, I came up with a new plan: move for myself. I was a Patrick with my limited talent, I could only find out France. I felt I wanted to do more with my life than be a parasitic guest at a gourmet feast. A descendant of the Puritan ethic still haunted my taste buds. Then there was language. As a poet I could only write in English if I wanted to say what I meant. And as a Canadian poet I had seen to a network of poet friends across the country who were turning to silent concern called Canadian Poetry (now at university it's called CanLit). I wanted to help the busy mother grow.

Maybe it was all much simpler than that. Maybe I kept coming back because it was simply home.

In Canada, I've worked as a bookie, a waitress, a teacher, a secretary. I've been a teacher, a broadcaster, and on the staff of CBC public affairs. And, throughout all, for love not money. I have tried to write poetry. I've done these things in Victoria, Vancouver, Montreal, and Toronto. That state and all the people on it have been my home to the experience of being Canadian.

Right now I'm afraid for my con-

try, not because Quebec might separate (this might force us into some useful original thinking), but because so many Canadians don't give a damn about their freedom. They rock in the middle of the Great Protest, saying their thanks, happening an old one, Law And Order. So what if Vancouver's Mayor Tom Campbell threatens to stand up, happy and drink water under the War Memorial Act? Vote him in for another random term. So what if innocent people in Quebec are jailed? A good place to think (it usually is). So what if you can be retroactively named a prostitute? I'm a professional, not a poet. I've done a very serious thing. I have become a member of the British Columbia Civil Liberties Association. That may seem like a very public gesture, but it's the kind of gesture most Canadians of my generation are still capable of acting out without embarrassment or humility.

Last summer, shortly after I had come to the island, I received a letter from a young man — I presume he

was. It's also a way of endorsing where the real estate is. It is helpful to think that my career of Canada thus means, with its crash was, an instrumental part of the globe. I am aware of this every time I switch on the news or watch the sun come up. The earth is our real estate, our territory threatened and lost.

I often think that it is our search for a Canadian identity we fail to realize that we are not searching for definitions but for signs and signs. The residents used to read the entrails of sheep, we busy reading our own entrails and up with signs. I'm not sure if I have been a poet, but the chemistry of events that surrounded the Maccabees and Barons and Laurens, to speak only of Canada. But recently I have been going into a different part of the world. The rock art of the Indians of British Columbia has been neglected in favor of the more dramatic (and perhaps) wood carvings, like totem poles and masks. To tell I received a letter from a friend who shares my enthusiasm for petroglyphs and who has seen them in many parts of the world. She had just been to visit a recently discovered and relatively unknown site on Vancouver Island, and the writer — a huge environmental place, most of which is probably still to be uncovered. There are many styles and probably periods, but the design and workmanship are beautiful beyond belief. The writer also showed me some of the petroglyphs of sea snakes and fish and the effect, which I am sure was intentional, in one of my manner life swimming. A Chinese design of a beauty I have never seen anywhere. The beautiful site stretching on top of a hill, reminding me of something I have seen before — a Minoan phyllo? Two design figures, one beautifully stained, almost Egyptian, the other with a large phallus, the legs like a Buddhist statue, but not. There seems to be a definite relation to the sun, which the figures from the west head on and made these dance, all facing east down slope. The whole site must have been worked, leveled, polished.

I'm afraid for my country because so many Canadians don't give a damn about their freedom

you young — telling me to "go fast" and "go home." I am not a poet, I am a writer, writing about Canadian problems in my poems. This seems to me to be carrying the new material to a bit far. Anyway, I'm not 100% Canadian, either, at a person at home and I fear anyone who is. It's a question of relative values. Once again William Yeats jumps out of the headlines to help me make my point: "Artists Draw A Line Across Canada."

Why? Victorians, "It all comes out of the dirt that the world is shaking. The line will mark space and distance elements that have been changed so much by things like moon landings that they don't mean what they used to mean." It was probably from getting right patterns across the country involved in paper Canada, but with a few words I can put it more bluntly: Canada is not the belly button of the world. No, thank God, as it is that much better. I have tried to write poetry. I'm grateful for that.

If I say my Canada is a cruel state, that it is a personal and idiosyncratic way of saying true things, the pictures change, and we will always be changing up new pictures for new fe-

The site may well be pre-Canadian, but geographically it lives at my back door. It adds a dimension to the past use of white and how it is Canadian, as it is that much better. I'm grateful for anything I'm grateful for that. I say the sign and some of these figures dancing for the sun. I think they will have something to say. If my own land in my own Canada comes. I ■



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WEDNESDAY from page 15

are supposed to be facing so atmosphere of confrontation. But I believe the opposite. The real environmental crises from the economic gaps feeding millions of the society. We can't do anything about happiness. But we can try to steer technology in a more humane way. We've been caring too much in the past, taking care only of society's victims. Now we have to give more power, and power, to the people involved in the production process. Power is very important and you don't need ownership to exercise it."

Essentially Palmo's message is that a society can be fundamentally stable without a revolution and that the political leaders of democracies should be committed to such a transformation. "The Swedish example," he said, "is interesting for only one reason: it shows that social progress is possible through peaceful means, bureaucratic action."

The Swedes see little link between sex and morality, although they see love as one way to beat loneliness

The Swedish attitude to sex apparently confirms the observation once made by Mrs. Patrick Campbell, G. B. Shaw's screen-friend, to the effect that she didn't mind what people did so long as they didn't do it in the street and scare the horses. Most Swedes see little connection between sex and morality, though they recognize love, however fleeting, as one way to deal with the Swedish curse of loneliness. Trial marriages are common and it's estimated that a quarter of brides are expecting on their wedding day—a hangover from Sweden's agrarian past, when marriages merely took place until the girl was pregnant or had given birth to a son. Marriages can be dissolved by simple mutual agreement between husband and wife. Sexual equality has resulted into the bedroom of the cartoon. A recent survey of Professor Nils Gustafsson of the Sociological Institute in Stockholm found that 26% of the young men questioned first had sexual intercourse because the girl insisted on it, with some men even claiming that the girls forced them into it.

It's a statistic one tends to discount. Soft silk flesh-bare and tendrils of blond hair framing elegant cheekbones, lips and faces put together with the exquisite care of a Japanese woodcut print, the girls of Sweden

must be the loveliest in the world. Instead of having different characters, they seem, from a distance at least, to have various flavors. Cinnamon, maple.

The most surprising sight in the water are the many shops selling every kind of pornography from the daguer-type to the philosophical, including a treatise about a man who undergoes an epidemic for the removal of his nose because its intricate structure fascinates him so much that it interferes with his meditative contemplation.

I watch the tourists trooping into one of the porno shops at Stockholm's main railway station. Gosh, smoking eyes as thick as fire hydrants, much as perpendicularly. They have discovered sex and are determined to conquer it. Dagmarina and Carmen are yellow, as if sex were a duty, a matter of keeping fit. American seem to be hesitating. "Hey, Mom, here I am in a porno shop in Stockholm, doing my own thing." And then there are the Japanese. Who knows what goes behind those closed faces? Inside the porno shop, a book whose censored typographer must have had the Anna Karenina market in mind proclaims on its hard cover: 30 BLAND NEW PORNOSCENES.

A country is defined by its images. I had never appreciated the casualness aspect of Ingrid Bergman's face as my imagination unfolded along across the Baltic. I caught my first view of Sweden and was astonished to see it fresh green and yellow and brown below, instead of the bleak, black-and-white shadows of the Bergman landscapes that I had somehow seen expressed. Bergman was too busy working on a film to see me, but his spirit followed me around Sweden like the dard in his Swedish deal. "I want knowledge," one of the characters declared in that film. Not faith, but knowledge. I want God to stretch his hand toward me, to uncover his face, to speak to me. "Such theories—the hand of God, love in a kind of agony without end, the idea that is only to achieve reality: the psychic must first be stripped and humiliated—these are the preoccupations of Bergman's dark and violent masterpieces, and in their scathing, soliloquistic profundity they add up to a tour of the Swedish soul."

Bergman sees his film as a kind of personal working model. Tems with emotional anguish, they are peopled by characters whose dramatic laughter engenders in the darkest corners of his self-made hell. God's in his heaven, he seems to be saying, and stills

continued on page 52

She Needs Your Love...



Little Kaseella doesn't know that her future hangs in the balance... her father has just been killed in an accident, her mother cannot make enough to feed a large family.

Before long her big smile will be lost as she searches for food, shivers without warm clothing, unable to even write her own name, trapped for life in a crowded slum in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil.

We must enroll her in our Family Helper Project immediately, so she can stay with her mother, get access to the assistance and education that will make her childhood happy—and her future hopeful.

How can you sponsor a child like Roberto in countries around the world? There are some answers to your questions.

Q. What does it cost to sponsor a child?
A. Only \$12 per month. (Your gifts are tax deductible.)

Q. May I choose the child I wish to help?
A. You may indicate your preference of boy or girl, age, and country. Many sponsors allow us to select a child from our emergency list.

Q. Will I receive a photograph of my child?
A Yes, and with the photograph will come a case history plus a description of the home or pocket where your child receives help.

Q. May I write to my child? A. Yes. In fact, your child will write to you a few weeks after you become a sponsor. Your letters are translated by one of our workers overseas. You receive your child's original letter, plus an English translation, described below.

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I write as "anonymous" a boy ☐ girl ☐ sex ☐

one part as

I will use 0.2 as a multiplier (0.58 is used

English is approved by the
state board of education.

1 correct "answer" is still to be seen

or have to give it

☐ Please send me more information.

Discussion

Author	Year	Country
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from the home or project reviews.

Q: How long has CCF been helping children? A: Since 1938

Q. What help does the child receive from my support? A. In countries of great poverty, such as India, your gifts provide total support for a child. In other countries your sponsorship gives the children benefits that otherwise they would not receive, such as diet supplements, medical care, adequate clothing, school supplies.

Q. Are all the children in orphanages? A. No, some live with extended families, or through CCJ Family Support Projects they are enabled to stay at home. Father Dore enters an orphanage. CCJ has homes for the blind, abandoned babies homes, day care nurseries, health homes, vocational training centres, and many other types of projects.

Q. Who owns and operates CCF? A. Christian Children's Fund is an independent, not-for-profit organization, regulated by a national Board of Directors. CCF co-operates with both church and government agencies, but is completely independent.

Q. How do you keep track of all the child-care and expenses? **A.** Through our IBM data processing equipment, we maintain complete information on every child in service, including the parent and the sponsor who

Sponsorships are urgently needed this month for children in India, Brazil, Taiwan (Formosa), Hong Kong, Philippines and Thailand. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

SWEDEN continued

wrong with the world. ("If God is not here," Bergman once wrote, "life is an outrageous farce, ruled by fate which has no answer, purely appointments.")

Bergman's closeness with him of life's meaning and a lapse into the silence of God's betrayal dominates the Swedish psyche. Bergman's father was an evangelically inclined Lutheran priest who became chaplain to Sweden's royal family, and it is the moral morbidity of his upbringing that Bergman, and many of the Swedes of his generation, find so difficult to exorcise.

"Sjö. Bergman's films are becoming irrelevant to Sweden's new generation," says Maria Gust, a theatrical critic for Stockholm's *Aftonbladet*.

These problems belong to people who had a religion and lost it. They don't touch the young who never had a faith to begin with. People try to

to solve their problems politically now, not through religion. Only about 3% of the Swedes attend church regularly. Relations are now no longer considered to be between people and the church, or people and God, but just between people. In not many years

between people. In not many years time, his films will be as inadequate ware of our society."

Bergman has been married five times and keeps moving to ever more remote streams on ever smaller islands. The Swedes wouldn't be surprised if eventually he ends up

We sit in a large round room with carved ivory ceiling, over the bust of

Alfred Nobel, the inventor of dynamite, and he is the most powerful man in Sweden. As head of the Lands-
ogskontoret (LOK) Arne O. O. O.

control the destiny (and votes) of more than 1.6 million unorganised Swedish workers — backbone of the governing Social Democratic Party. He shakes Kest's opinions and there is an uneasy sense of the time.

is an open copy of *U.S. News & World Report* on his desk. "In Sweden," he says, "we can't afford to have unemployment. The Canadian figure of 6% wouldn't be acceptable here. Or

Of course, the big change is that 90% of the youngsters who go through higher education here can't be offered the kind of jobs they expect to see more

Sweden is experiencing its first major labor troubles since 1945. In the past, wage agreements with manage-



It shows that you care — HARVEYS BRISTOL CREAM

continued on page 88

Most good color TV's have an automatic tuning system.

We have two.



Now Panasonic has automated down to us art of color TV tuning. With two buttons. The first is "Panelock." Panasonic's Automatic Fine Tuning (AFT). The most reliable known method of tuning color TV reception. One touch of the "Panelock" button and the best possible picture is locked in instantly. On all channels. Which is nice.

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phosphors that are much brighter than the conventional ones.

There's a full line-up of beautifully designed Panasonic Color TV's. Like the Franklin, (left), our stunning new 20" Swee-Vision set that turns around so you don't have to. Or the Lauenheim, (top), our magnificent 22" Console. And the Del Mar, (right), our contemporary 17" portable.

Compare Panasonic Color TV's with any other set on the market. Then make your decision.

Panasonic

just slightly ahead of our time

SWEDEN continued

meetings between L.D. and its industrial counterpart. But last spring the government took the unprecedented step of moving in to prevent a crippling strike. Even though Sweden has a socialist government, the state has traditionally concentrated on social policies, leaving business and labor to operate in relative freedom. Sweden has had a socialist government for 29 years, but so far industry has been so successful that only 6% of the labor force is employed by the state. One example of Sweden's enlightened labor policies is the experiment at the Sub plant in Soderström, the first modern mass-producing automobile factory to drop the conveyor belt system. Instead, cars are assembled by production groups that plan their own work schedules. Absenteeism has dropped while production quality has significantly improved.

Although official statistics rank Sweden's standard of living just behind the U.S. (and just ahead of Canada), it is probably the world's highest on a per capita basis because income is much more evenly distributed. The cost of living went up 7% last year and Stockholm is probably the most costly place there is anywhere. Coca-Cola restaurants cost the equivalent of 42 cents; liquor outlets charge \$10 for a bottle of Scotch; the price of advertising is a (frank) move in four dollars; it cost me a dollar to get a shirt laundered in my hotel; a pound of butter sells for 35 cents. It's a mystery how people can afford such prices, because even though wages are roughly equivalent to Canadian rates income taxes are very much higher. The tax on a salary of \$4,326 is 30% on top of a 17% sales tax that applies to everything.

But the Swedes also get a lot more back from their government in terms of free services, including free annual holidays for housewives, 16 pensions averaging 46% of a man's average earnings during the 10 highest-paid years of his life, free universal education up to the PhD level, state dentures for newweds, and subsidies for single-parent children. The Swedes also have become an unusual structure for guaranteeing everyone's self-interest. "The Swedes have their medical expenses taken care of, all of their welfare costs paid for, their cars subsidized, and so much done for them, that if they lose their car keys they promptly return them," Geoffrey Cambridge, the U.S. ambassador, once remarked. Actually, the Swedish suicide rate is not, as many outsiders believe, the world's highest. UN statistics show 19 other countries — China, Hungary, Austria, Czechoslovakia and

Germany among them — with higher rates of self-destruction.

But even if citizens of 19 other countries manage to kill themselves off, the Swedes must stop every body when it comes to drinking. The Swedish government liquor monopoly is the largest single buyer of the products of the French wine industry, and there is a treaty in Stockholm that while the Norwegians live in and the Danes get to kiss the Swedes out to drink I believe a hearty meal I had was accompanied by my Swedish host involving an elaborate drinking ceremony, almost ritualistic in its gravity, consisting entirely of raising the cry of "Skål!" and the emptying of yet another tumbler of straight schnapps.

I had dinner with a Swedish girl in the Källaren Aurora, a legendary cellar restaurant off the Södra Nygatan in Stockholm's old city. A place with great little tables of beech planks, torches flaring on white-mahogany walls and a hostess who looks like a supermodel philosophy profes-

Sweden is emerging as one of the few European nations with a sensible foreign policy it rejects dogma

sor, named after Aurora, the center of some forgotten Swedish lore, its genteelness tradition go back to 1565. An American tourist clumped ponderously down the stairs the noticeable creaks her foot on the glass.

Red socks tucked into two-tone shoes, pale-blue suit with huge pockets, grey hair curling out from under a peaked cap, his body seated thick, sturdy devoid of ironic meaning. The wife, a mini-skirt down another phase called Moberg, told him where they sat. A long way from Marlboro Country, they seemed to be the kind of misadventures from Middle America who became the industrialists of Europe, saying, "Okay, Harry, you do the outside and I'll do the inside."

They both ordered snow grouse roasted on the spit. When it was served the chairs heaved as the water retired to his side table. The American tourists stared at the snow grouse apologetically going back at them. Then the husband turned to the wife and said, "Honey, I think with this beautiful bird we must have a Christmas Eve feast like 1959." The doors

locked down at their plates their relief was audible.

Sweden has been neutral for 157 years, and used recently this gave the Swedes no more than a specious role in the large event transforming the European context. But to the twilight of ideologies overrules the present dilemma, Sweden is emerging as one of the few European countries with a sensible foreign policy. Sweden has rejected all the traditional hostilities, feeding false delusions that go beyond the interest relations of cold-war children. The Swedes seem to be across, not the idea of Yugoslavia's Milovan Djilas, that "The world is saturated with dogs; people are hungry for life."

The Swedish cinema in Norway is the world's most important. A comment that was for 35 years involved by its high-profile prominence in the content business "the American way of life" and "the Communist conspiracy" has become routine and wants to return to its old ways. When the Russian invasion of Czechoslovakia in the summer of 1968 shocked the sensibilities of cold-war warriors on both camps, it revealed the Warsaw Pact to be nothing more than an extension of Russian military capabilities and showed NATO up as an ill-considered overmen branch plan of the U.S. military-industrial complex. Both sides have been looking away from these situations ever since. Sweden no longer bothers to be around that in part because any meaningful say, and the United States, weary of its far-flung post-1945 adventures, appears ready to liquidate its NATO commitments within its borders.

The enlightened Europe, since the end of the Second World War, the decent heart of the late-war Americanism which implied an American moral superiority over European nations has been unable to find such the Vietnam war. What thoughtful European have suddenly realized is that both the U.S. and the USSR are now operating in their own external interests, they want to opt out of any further involvement. The American moral machinations of the Kremlin and the party extravaganzas of American power overseas which seem to operate according to an unequal system of Old Testament Covenants and New Jersey capitalism have.

Sweden's non-alignment policy fits in perfectly with this view of the future. The Swedes believe in both freedom and exerting social pressures on world peace. It is a contribution to United Nations efforts

continued on page 57

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"The One"
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THE INTERNATIONAL AIRLINE

SWEDEN continued

peace-keeping efforts in the Middle East, the Congo and Cyprus. Some 30,000 young Swedes are conscripted every year and, not surprisingly, the problem of what to do about long hair has complicated their transition from teen into soldiers. In typical Swedish fashion, instead of ordering it cut off, the General Staff recently made a lot of valuable waste-mach haircuts.

The study office on the restaurant's floor of the University of Stockholm's Institute of Economics is dominated by a sign that to LACK or INCREASE tomorrow will be CANCELLED. Its tenant is 72-year-old Gunnar Myrdal, the vocal, scented, white epistemological republican, a based in much on the man's angry moral vision as on his brilliant scholarship. A greater age, he wrote, is American. Because Sweden remains a basic test on U.S. social problems, he has been a Swedish cabinet minister, an influential international civil servant and most recently has published an academic study of why poverty lingers in much of the third world. A chubbly presence with sailor eyes and an unclouded eye for joyous outrage, Myrdal is probably the last silver Swede in the world. He arranges the bluish of his glasses to keep religious, his eyes with special matches that go off like flashbulbs, and are then tossed into a huge ashtray, where they keep hitting away, adding to the intensity of his topics.

"Come in, brother!" he yelled. "You must review my book. Not one economist has read it, you know. They're all dead. Crazy. Everybody else writes gloriously about it. I'm a rebel, I think I'm so goddamn angry." The object of Myrdal's anger at the moment is inflation. "I used to say that the only thing the capitalist system can't stand is deflation, but now I have to add inflation. It really doesn't matter, but in a democracy it's goddamn difficult to stop it.

"Let's forget those poor Americans with their wars and moral rights for a moment and talk about small countries like Sweden and Canada. We Swedes are like you Canadians, we want better roads, better schools, better hospitals and all these things are capital intensive. Don't forget to put that in. And at the same time, we want higher incomes, more consumption and lower taxes. Well, it's impossible. You have to make a choice, brother. And so now we have inflation. All hell is loose."

Myrdal often visits Canada, has dined with Trudeau, and believes Sweden can become one model in many things. "We're both reasonable

countries, with similar traditions of democracy. You Canadians don't have the horrible problems of the United States and I always say to my friends: Be careful, brother, that you don't let it drop down to that. The first thing I'd do as ambassador of the American trade union: Canadian unions must be independent. Let them cry how much they want. The other difference between us is the French-English business. Is it really so serious? I mean, I was in Quebec City recently, a marvelous, wonderful place. I saw some models of French sculpture, but my model was in American as you can imagine. I was not completely American. The only difference was the language, plus a few

Nobody is out searching for the Swedish identity, these silent, admirable people know who they are

inimitable who make poetry and stuff. Well, there's not French culture. They're as far away from France as the rest of the Canadians are from England. I mean, how in hell can they be independent? It's all nonsense."

By some anonymous newspaper, the Swedes use the 40 weeks of summer to believe out their harsh water, when the sun seldom appears for more than an hour a day. Everybody flies the cities to their cottages or boats. The 800,000 Stockholmians own 10,000 boats and on Sunday cruise the waterways as if, as pointed in Canada's highway on Labor Day.

On Wednesdays, president of the Swedish Sailing Association, invited

me to spend a weekend on his boat, the Dora. She lay beaming softly on her decklines, a 16-ton craft her most treasured toy. In the pastures of rare antiquarian objects that mark changing-ownership boats. Along with her warmly hospitable family, we sailed most of the day out to Sandhamn, an idyllic island in Sweden's outer archipelago. That evening, after much schnapps and singing, and Swedish songs like *The Giltier Is Not The Jew* (or was it *The Jew Is Not The Giltier*), I sat in the stern of the Dora listening to the rattle of water under the hull, the clatter of loose ballparks from the boat and the occasional splash of the tip of a gently crashing wave, brooding about my brief but intense experience of Sweden.

I remembered a phrase from André Malraux, who once wrote that "the most great idea of a nation, but it is its community of ideas that creates its identity," and it struck me that nobody in this elegant northern country is out searching for the Swedish identity. These silent, admirable people know exactly who they are, unlike most Canadians; their convictions have not yielded to their convenience. Part of the explanation is the fact that Sweden is a warty state without war problems. But its important consideration is that its geography has protected the Swedes from the violent blow and flow of history and has created an internal conviction that Sweden's national destiny is theirs alone to control.

Sweden remains on the side of paradise. But the determined survival of the Swedes and their calculating willingness to experiment are lessons Canada might emulate to that we can, even in this late date, fashion some things that might be destructive to our own. ■



of a man whose life appears to have been shaped for this moment of power from the day he left Bridgewater, New Brunswick, for university in 1941.

He was born the son of a bridge-water merchant, and brought up a second Tory, but at Dalhousie University he ran into Fred Young, now an NDP MPF in the Ontario legislature, then a CCF organizer in Maritime areas and became a convinced socialist. He helped found Dalhousie's first CCF club, and when he was a Rhodes scholarship — on the basis of his gold medal in law and stellar promise in hockey — he said his father and Oxford years to sharpen his debating skill for a future political career.

Back home in 1945, with the precursor MA (Oxon) after his name, he at once headed west to offer his services in Canada's only socialist governing office of the time, in Saskatchewan. There were no immediate openings, so he moved on to Edmonton to solicit and await the call. It came in June, 1950 and he went to Regina as administrative secretary to the provincial government. Despite his youth — he was only 25 — he soon established himself as a formidable intellect. Woodrow Lloyd, the man he succeeded as NDP leader, remembers "Al" was so sharp a writer of his craft that you couldn't help being impressed. "Al" though he was a civil servant, Blakeney moved quickly in politics — "In those days, it was done," he explains — until he was appointed to the quasi-judicial post of chairman of the provincial securities commission in 1955.

In 1958, Blakeney left the civil service for private practice, proving the way for his successful run for office in the 1963 provincial election. He was taken at once into Tommy Douglas' cabinet as Education Minister. He was 34, an amateur and, at first, a little nervous. However, says Lloyd, "He was so skilled in maintaining government people calm, you get into the habit of asking, 'What does Al think?' Blakeney never matched the easy openness of, say, Tommy Douglas, but worked hard to develop a polished manner and refined in conversation. He found the way on up to the Big Boys. He held three portfolios — Education, Treasury and Health — under Douglas and his successor, Lloyd, and discharged them all with careful competence. Then, after the Liberal victory in 1964, his abilities still were afforded him as over-the-hill Lloyd, his personal friend and political mentor Blakeney was more willing to trade blows with the late Ross Thatcher (often referred to as "The Colonel") by the NDP after he retired as history commentator

in the New Mexico National Guard. After the second NDP defeat in 1967, it became only a question of time until Lloyd stepped down and Blakeney succeeded him when a leadership convention was called in July, 1970, the result was as predictable that Blakeney's mass campaign pamphlet blazed beyond the party race. It was titled *Blakeney For Premier* and served double duty when the election campaign began this June.

Blakeney ran this campaign with a characteristic combination of confidence and prudence. He told party workers they had every reason to hope for victory, but when they seemed to expect it he "painted like hell" — his words. One riding association grew so confident of tapping the local Liberal recruitment that it decided to announce its own and not open a campaign unit just before the vote. Blakeney heard about it and answered grimly, "If I phone at 9:30 tomorrow morning and the campaign route isn't open, there will be hell to pay."

Like his Manitoba NDP colleague,

The most important thing about the election is that Blakeney didn't win. The Liberals lost.

Ed Schreyer, Blakeney rode to power with a moderate platform designed to conciliate all opposition votes. He pitched directly for Tory support, scarcely mentioned socialism — the word appears only once in the party program — and presented gradual reforms rather than radical changes. Like Schreyer, Blakeney is a moderate. There are other resemblances between the two premiers — both are career clericals, both are legislators and administrators rather than orators or personalities — but Blakeney has a harder edge than Schreyer, more legislative experience and tighter control, by virtue of a 45 to 15 majority in the Saskatchewan legislature. There will be no Joe Borowskis in Blakeney's cabinet.

But for all the hard work and moxie that brought him to power, the most important thing about the June election is that he lost it — the Liberals lost it. They ran a campaign based on a series of arrogant misconceptions, the first of which was that victory was certain. In many ridings little or no campaigning was done. "They figured," said Liberal provincial secretary Douglas Douglas, "that the NDP

would be knocking on doors three or four times and people would get annoyed." When election crowds were down, the Liberals were mistaken either thus concerned Provincial Treasurer Dave Stewart told a Saskatoon meeting, "This is a rotten, lousy turnout." While Thatcher blathered about minor centers in a government pit, Blakeney pleaded from hamlets to hamlets in the "Blakeney bus," and if a plane happened by during his visit, sales would increase. "There goes the Colonel."

The late premier tried to fight the campaign against growing urban, wicked socialists and backslid "crooks, knoks and outside agitators." His major promises were for labor unions to control the union, free enterprise to turn back the socialism and more industrial deals, like the proposed \$177-million pulp mill at Dore Lake, to keep everyone else occupied. He underestimated the sophistication of a province where politics is lived in the bone. Socialism is a boggy wound on people who lived under the CCF from 1944 to 1964, and labor clerks only sought the union without reassuring the farmers, who could figure for themselves that the strikes that block their wheat shipments come from unions under federal, not provincial, jurisdiction — railway workers and longshoremen. Nonunionists pointed on the pulp mill as a reflect that placed most of the risk in Saskatchewan hands and most of the profit in the hands of Karl Lundegger, a New York entrepreneur.

In short, as Dave Stewart, the man who replaced Thatcher as Liberal leader, told me, "We antagonized damn near every identifiable group in the province, without making any new friends." Stewart thinks an important factor was the reflex of outside NDP supporters — "My advice to provincial governments planning to call elections is to call them in concrete, so the NDP can't gang up on you" — but far more important, he concedes, was the issue that sent Glen Wilner out pounding on doors — the plight of the farmer. "We tried to let the farmer have his say and it killed us."

Thatcher sought to take credit for an interim \$100 million payment — yet to be made — under the federal government's Prairie Grain Stabilization Plan, without discussing its merits. Of the 21 seats the NDP captured from Liberals, 17 came in rural ridings, and they came because farmers of every political stripe voted against the federal Liberals and the new farm policy.

That policy grew out of the report of a federal Task Force on Agriculture

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The Volkswagen Type 3

BY LAKENY continued

time published in December 1969, written by four university professors and an accountant, and shrouded with such phrases as "We assume that agriculture should be operated mostly as an industry," and "Younger notable farmers should be moved out of farming" and "Management by objectives, program planning and budgeting, computer analysis and other modern management techniques should be adopted." The Task Force foresaw, with apparent equanimity, the decline of Canada's farm population from about 10% of Canada's total to about 3%; it recommended diversification and a curbside to wheat acreage of nearly 50% within four years. Rural folk, who embraced the notion of the family farm with mother's milk, cut through the publicitybook and accepted the salient expectation in Blakeney put it, "Two out of three family farms are to be abandoned, and Ottawa applauds." Any farmer who couldn't meet institutional competition without government support should make way for larger, more efficient operations, the bureaucrats said. Blakeney replies: "There is hardly one bloody industry in Canada that could meet that test. If the whole industry were subject to these rules the first thing we'd do would be to close every textile plant in Canada."

The federal government accepted the Task Force report and began to implement it with new programs aimed at weeding farmers into other kinds of work while supporting their current incomes, through the Grains Stabilization Plan, at a level approved over the past three — had — crop years. "The plan has a guarantee," said Roy Blakeney, a staunch Liberal and member of the rural municipality of Wilfrid. "It guarantees to keep us as poor as ever." The new farm policies are Canada-wide, but the most immediate impact came in Saskatchewan where, obviously, farmers will not accept the argument that they should give up their way of life because government will not support them the way it does, say, gold miners. They read the notion that a few giant corporations run on the federal techniques as the best way to work Canada's land, because it provides cheap food for city folk. They see no sense in moving off the farm and into crowded, polluted urban centers to join the growing unemployment ranks. Their way in Saskatchewan was a strident "No" to the federal farm policy.

But despite the tendency of that "No" and the majority laid at Blakeney's feet in consequence, they may be very late to do so. The province is in trouble, trouble reflected in shrunken

every economic statistic. Saskatchewan farm cash receipts plummeted last year, a quarter of \$223.14 million in 1968 to \$179.52 million in 1969, and \$132.35 million in 1970. Retail sales are down 10.1%, investment has fallen 17.9% and Saskatchewan wages are about \$14 a week below the national average. In the wheat ag, the pig was four dollars. Many people have just given up and pulled out, between June, 1968, and January, 1971, 64,312 people fled the province, almost enough to fill two cities the size of Montreal.

During the campaign, Blakeney pointed out promises to night riders by underpinning the financial key — the family farm — including a leadership policy to make land available cheaply. But if Ottawa is determined to cut wheat acreage and accept the replacement of small farms by agribusiness, he is working his best. Only the federal government has the funds and control over marketing and

"The new federal farm plan has a guarantee all right: it guarantees to keep us as poor as ever."

transportation necessary to revive agriculture. Blakeney's only chance is to persuade Ottawa to revise itself and embrace a new approach. He has begun to mount a pressure group linking the NDP governments of Saskatchewan and Manitoba with the National Farmers Union, the wheat people, and various other who came to him. He said, "We hope to generate a united front not only to reverse the federal policies but to indicate relative alternatives." These would include a one-price system for wheat, which means paying farmers one dollar a bushel more, selling it at that price domestically, but at a lower price abroad, with the difference covered from federal coffers.

But will Ottawa listen? "We have no way of knowing what will come of this," said Blakeney, "but it would be clear that the Saskatchewan voter is pretty upset. There can't be one square yard of Otto Lang's seat that doesn't go NDP." (Otto Lang, the member responsible for the Wheat Board, came from Saskatchewan, which went heavily NDP.)

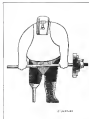
The alternative to a new farm policy, Blakeney warned, is "increasing frustration, increasing disillusionment, increasing bitterness." The small but growing opposition of

western separatism would be fed by any refusal to listen.

Consideration of western separatism because it is fundamentally a destructive concept, but the degree of discussion here is very, very risky and making it more difficult to pursue well thought-out policies. A change might bring a state-of-war in attitudes toward French Canada, he argues. "Some of the alienation that develops here reflects our very particular hostility to Quebec, but rather a feeling that somebody is listening to them and not listening to us. This is very destructive of a rational approach to federalism."

Saskatchewan is caught in a cliff. Because it lies by the expert of natural products, from wheat to potash, it needs a strong federal government to pursue vigorous trade, tariff and transportation policies, but a strong federal government can easily spend the money of a single province, especially one that sends a respectable number of NDP and Conservative members to Parliament. Prime Minister Trudeau answered earlier points regarding with the question, "Why should I tell you what?" We'll that approach dissolve under the threatened loss of federal Liberal seats in Saskatchewan?

For all the houses he shows today, Blakeney faces a daunting task. However he dispatches his other campaign promises, from abolishing deferred fees for users of Medicare to re-igniting the pay-off deal, he will have failed if he cannot meet the problems that press on Glen Wilfrid and 53,000 other Saskatchewanians who sit that, without the help of the rest of Canada, there is not much he can do, and there is no indication to date that the rest of Canada is even aware of the depth or extent of Saskatchewan's woes. ■



himself where his characters would live, marking the addresses on a Detroit street map. He has a padlock that he relies on the map to connect directions. When someone is a Harley book, it takes 250 miles southeast to a shopping plaza from a given intersection. That's real. Harley probably has studied the driving time as well.

There's an accident on the assembly line in *Where's Harley?* wrote about it with the aid of photographs and color slides of the location and an engineer's detailed account of the machinery involved. He wanted a summer lodge sitting for another scene, and he used a researcher, Dave Green who works on the *Detroit News*. To check it out Green mailed Harley seven pages of description of the countryside, roads, weather, vegetation including a sketch of a suitable lodge. Harley then showed the passage to the wife of an executive, who changed the name of a wilderness. Harley was grateful.

He counts as a major break a run to the home of William L. Mitchell, GM's vice president in charge of styling, a man to gifted he was chief of Cadillac design when he was 25. Mitchell showed Harley a basement room filled with fine paintings he had done as a young man. From that incident, Harley constructed a leading character in *Where's*, a brilliant young automotive designer who is also a talented artist.

At this point, after almost a pair of

research, Harley has blocked out entire areas that interest him: product planning, design, car dealers, the assembly line, the hardware turning process, car racing, parts manufacturing, automobile advertising.

This means that he will need a major character in each of the selected areas and he begins brooding about what kinds of people they will be and how they can meet one another. Harley does his brooding, frequently, in the shower. He has been started a

The title Harley lived for
*Airport was The Dirty
Bonds Of Earth*. But his
Doubleday editors hated it

few times when the hot water has run out in the present.

Research is Harley's favorite part of writing a book and he explains himself from it with reluctance. But there comes a point when I have to say *no*. A year has gone by and it's time to go home and find out what I've got.

He begins with the interesting task of finding all his typed notes and then, separating them into broad subjects in file folders advertising research in finance, DESIGN, STYLING, RACE, AUTOMOBILES (the fastest deal) auto racing and so on. At this point he isn't sure

what sequence the book will take or how the parts fit together, and he is a distracted man. His wife explains with his eyes close over, "He's sleeping away."

The primary decision is a thread for the story. When he finds in a central theme the first testing and introduction of a suddenly designed new car, a plot begins to take shape. Harley then puts plot ideas on scraps of paper, which he later throws away in embarrassment — "they're very crude at this stage."

Gradually the ideas get better and as definite emerges along the book, he has scattered across his desk top. The automotive designer he wants in the book can be the major designer of the new model, the product-planning section can be represented by a vice-president who makes the decision about the car. The romance could be between the designer and a girl who works for the ad agency that handles the account for the car. If the vice-president is married, it's not improbable that his wife is neglected.

As the characters unfold, Harley goes from names. He picks first names from the hospital when their young child, Dana, was born, from *The Oxford Dictionary Of English*, *Charlotte Weaver* and from a list he keeps himself of unusual names and reclaims the names again. The common names from the *Michigan* telephone directory. Harley keeps a copy in his study.

As he goes along he signs the names of every character he invents on an alphabetized sheet, even the spare carter who makes his one appearance in the book. He can see at a glance if he is getting a buildup in the T's or if there is a vacancy available in the W's.

On stiff paper the size of a desk blotter, he makes notes and writes about the people he has assembled, their ages, what they look like, their serious habits, what they will be doing during the year that they have life in *Where's*.

The free outline of a proposed plot was sent in New York in June, 1969. It was about 30 pages long and bore the title *Motor City, another Detroit*. Harley attempted to get away from the one-world trials that are becoming his trademark. (The title he liked for *Airport* was *The Dirty Bonds Of Earth*, Doubleday hated it.) Later a Doubleday sales executive, Tom Burns, thought of *Where's* and Harley knew when he heard it that was right.

Lee Barker received the outline with a mixture of enthusiastic encouragement and icy cautions. He wrote, "I

realized that what this outline lacks is a sense of excitement, a driving force, it is, in other words, a main plot line."

Harley wasn't excited, he expected it and set down to write another. The previous books had required four draft outlines, but he got it on the second try with *Where's*. Mrs. Seabright wrote him on August 13, 1969, "Arthur, this draft is considerably better. . . . What a story! . . . I'm so excited. Bravo!"

The next morning Harley tried some secretarial out to get out a list of paper, filled with their list of the typewriter for a while, and finally wrote "The president of General Motors was a real fellow!" *Where's* was finished.

Harley is often asked if he writes only when he feels like it and he replies, truthfully, that he never feels like it. Writing makes him write. He loves his work, but the process is agony to him, he labors over every word, he writes every sentence six or seven times, sometimes 30 times, sometimes more.

Because he finds writing such an arduous task, Harley long ago decided that he would the good of a work space and he assigns himself 600 words a day — finished words, almost-right does count.

He starts his writing day, five days a week, at 3:15 in the morning, equipped with a compass that he can use would have enough. Six or seven words 600 words before he can quit. If he must travel during the writing of a book, he either gets ahead on his quota or else makes it up when he returns.

Early in the writing of *Where's*, Harley appeared his back lying in traction in a hospital bed, in great pain, he still adhered to his 600-word schedule. He was pleased with his self, observing that "there are very few occupations where you can work while in traction."

He began every working day by writing 600 at the top of a memo pad. From time to time, when he needs cheering up, he counts every word he has written, every word and subtracts it from the six hundred. If he decides later to delete a word or two, he accordingly adds to the score.

Harley's first task with *Where's* is to get the entire cast introduced and going about their affairs, and by the time the last one, the parts assembled, appear, Harley has written 12 of the 30 chapters in the book.

He describes his process as a juggle's trick, keeping all the balls in the air, all swirling, all right in front of the audience, dropping none. He's de-

continued on page 68

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"If you're looking for a place to hibernate this winter, forget it!"

violated a sense for where it is time for the reader to look in on the unsavory side for a while and when the car dealer has been in the background long enough.

Harley keeps his gang of principals moving briskly across the scene as relayed in the research—the executive office where he did an interview, the bar at the auto show where he was a guest, the assembly line. And they talk a lot, telling one another how *desires* about the customers or where the worst roads in America are or how to photograph a car lot as advertisement so that it will look better than real.

In addition to relieving themselves of the Harley research, the characters also have to keep their eyes on the plot. They have a great deal of fighting, loving, fleeing, drinking and driving to do, and Harley does not concede looking to look at the scenery.

He is beginning to lighten ship. Some characters go, and whole chunks of research Harley spent a full day at a plastics and extrusion plant, and used some of the same. He didn't include a word of days spent learning about engine manufacturing, chemical fabrication and the glass plant where windshield are made.

Two or three times during the writing, Harley calls a time-out from his quest to figure where he is going next. He spends a day typing on memo-sized paper all the fragments of plot that remain: *Barbara's Film Project*, *Barbara's Film Book*, *Man in the Prisoner* or *Other Characters*, *Sunday at Tallahassee Racing*, *Brent in California*.

It takes about 40 pieces of paper and he spreads them out on the top of his desk, a maze. Concentrating hard, he picks among them, figuring out the



order of events and which pieces fit together. He immobilizes, stapling together *Barbara's Film Project* and *Barbara's Film Book*, adding to it *Brent in California* and *So In London* *Wherever*. That's how Chapter 16 begins.

And he makes some changes, the most ruthless of which was his realization, after a year of writing that the VP's wife should be a very young woman, a second marriage, in order to avoid any possible resemblance to *Allyson's* airport manager and his wife. It means moving a lot of furniture around, but Harley backtracks and mends what he has written.

He is still researching being addicted to it. He writes to the *Good Year Tire and Rubber Company* in

Literary Guild pays
\$160,000. The
movie asking price is
\$1.25 million.

Akron, Ohio, to inquire about its car-counting sign in Detroit, to Union Air Lines to find out when a car has flight to Los Angeles passed over the California border, and at what altitude, and when it begins its descent ("If you make a mistake with that kind of shell, some airline pilot will spot it and it spoils the reality of the whole book," Harley says firmly).

Harley keeps his daily output of 600 words in a fireproof locked safe in his office. He makes a copy to Ruth Hunter in California, who suggests minor changes in grammar if needed and then types a master copy, making five copies of that and returning the master to Harley, who puts it in the safe. Copies of the master, in batches of six chapters at a time, go to New York, where Mrs. Knappdale sees them to insure efforts from book didn't end the like.

Almost at once, the money begins to pour. Literary Guild was a deal for Harley and pays \$160,000. Harley gets half the half share of the Road to Big Book Club. He is \$160,000. The advance from England is \$100,000. He gets \$350,000 for paperback rights. Germany advances \$60,000, and other foreign sales confirmed are France, Portugal and Spain. The London Daily Express buys British translation rights.

Harley has decided against any magazine side. When *Good Housekeeping* buys the fiction editor, even would appreciate Harley to come down and discuss with

him, a telegram Harley received at the table while lunching at Government House in Nassau. He reads it, and *Where's* is sold to *Good Housekeeping* for \$10,000. The movie asking price is \$1.25 million.

But *Where's* is not yet finished. Harley returns to Detroit "to see, smell and hear." He wants to check out a certain shopping plaza and the site for, and gets a broadcast, reader briefing on the future of the internal combustion engine.

Pages of *Where's* are all over the comment. Harley's son Mark at Berkeley is reading the references to everyone. Dr. John Morrow in Toronto is checking on the description of a stroke, an adviser in Detroit is reading everything about the assembly line, an expert has been paid \$500 to read the manuscript and he also some of the auto racing sections. Harley had no access at all in Detroit and wasn't *Where's* to be equally accurate. His daughter Diane tells him to change always pass in the first paragraph to rule, and he does so.

It goes very slowly toward the end of a book," Harley confesses. He is beginning to work at night, he writes almost steadily, and his doctor is worried. The stress from New York is causing. Finally, a low-level, assistant lawyer arrives from Lee Barker, just back from vacation. He is rested, he hints, "and all set to read the last pages of the book."

One night Harley leaves the office about midnight, takes an unconscious sleeping pill, and sleeps for four hours. He awakens (or more) and goes back to the typewriter. At 5:35 a.m. on March 9, 1971, he says that's that.

At 2:45 that afternoon, he was on the New York flight out of Nassau with the completed manuscript. Don Bradley loaned him the office of his ex-son Richard Editor and he did the revisions surrounded by help pictures. Ruth Hunter had spotted that Harley used the word *gave* in all its meanings, more than 100 times. She sent him the page numbers, and he waded them out. Then it was over.

Before he finished *Where's*, Harley signed another contract with Doubleday for a million dollars advance on what he says will be his last two books. He decided one of them will be on inventories, with the working title *Coverage*, but Maere Southgate reminded him that the market is glutted with books on that subject right now. So he has gone ahead with the other choice, a book on banking, *It's never, credit card*.

The working title is *Money*. It's a great title for an Arthur Harley book. ■

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It was the tenth decade — the years 1957-67 — called by some "a harsh, unsettling, contradictory time" when John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson waged one of the great political battles of Canadian history.

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— John Diefenbaker and Lester Pearson.



SEPARATISM from page 25

ay, with decisions being truly joint. If the analysis is correct, these institutions, while benefiting Quebec, would also operate substantially to the advantage of English Canada, especially Ontario and the Maritimes. With its burgeoning strength, English Canada might, for example, retain a preponderant weight in determining the major joint economic policies.

In addition, my model assumes that much of the existing economic interdependence between the two countries would be retained. At the governmental policy level, there would be coordination. At the private economic level, with free movement of population, goods and investment, there is no necessary reason why there should be much change from the status quo. True, there might be some flight of capital from Quebec, but a moderate government, coupled with successful negotiations, could possibly recover it. At another level, too, the sciences would remain highly interdependent. Just as the Canadian government now is unable to introduce many policies which differ radically from policies within the United States so the Quebec government would find itself constrained by English Canada. The policies of both countries would continue to have important spillover effects, though, of course, there would be freedom for some variations in policy. Thus, the likely outcome under Lévesque's scenario is only a very partial disengagement — a disengagement at the political level, with a much disengagement to the complex structures of the modern state.

However, one should not use the word "merely" in describing this outcome. The model would be very similar to the current relationship between Canada and the United States, where Canada's freedom in monetary and other policies is strictly limited, and where, in the private economy, Canada and the U.S. are essentially one. But this does not necessarily mean that most differences remain as inviolable. Indeed, the Canada-United States experience shows that questions of political sovereignty and economic relationships are only very indirectly related. For example, while a very large majority of Canadians maintain the desirability of political separation from the U.S., much smaller numbers argue for a severing of the economic ties. The one can and does exist without the other. Canadian political sovereignty is a real, meaningful and satisfying concept to most Canadians, but would argue that because we exist in interdependence with the United States, to so many other ways the political distinctiveness should be abolished,

though many of us with Canada did have more freedom of action.

To summarize, the Lévesque scenario is a plausible and persuasive one. It is possible to envision a situation in which Quebec's decision to separate was accepted — albeit with reluctance and with many areas of opposition — by English Canadians. If this is the case, it is also possible to envision a series of adjustments that would be to the advantage of both sides, that would result in some form of "Canadian Association." One can predict with some plausibility how these negotiations might be carried out and what the outcome might be. The separation, in Lévesque's case, would not be total. But it would be a severe blow — psychologically more than materially — to English Canada. The key question, assuming a certain legitimate process leading to a decision to separate by Quebec, is just how strong a blow to English Canada this would be — far less than what would determine the initial and initial reaction.

The second scenario suggests something approaching a civil war if Quebec were to separate. English Canadians, it is assumed, are likely to oppose violently any attempt to separate, they would not accept a Quebec secession as legitimate, if separation were achieved, they would likely adopt punitive policies toward the new state.

One can easily imagine such developments occurring. If they did, the possibility of a peaceful accommodation would be very small, and the potential for violence great. One could, in such a case, envision a progressive hardening of lines and a growing likelihood of armed conflict which could be mutually destructive.

The experience of civil wars in other settings, from the American Civil War to the Nigerian, might provide strong disincentives for Canadians to carry conflict to that point. But one cannot consider the possibility of this unilateral reaction of English Canada without considering some of the other factors in the equation. Thus, we can suggest a series of conditions that would make the violent response unlikely. Most have to do with the attitudes and goals of the Separatists. The more thoroughgoing the degree of disengagement sought, the more likely all separation. If the Separatists wanted to win not only Quebec's secession but also wished to dislodge all existing economic arrangements and transportation systems, for example, resistance would come from more quarters and be more recent. Similarly, if the Separatists threatened the rights and livelihood of English-Canadian minorities in Quebec, such

continued on page 76

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SEPARATISM continued

was would be angry. At the extreme, outright persecution of non-French-speaking minorities would almost certainly provoke violence.

The ideological makeup of the Separatist movement would also be important. A movement that was not only Separatist but also Marxist or Fascist, or that threatened to subvert all values, would have barely opposed, because a wider range of important English-Canadian values would be threatened. Again, the way in which separation would be achieved is vital. The more the decision can be shown to be legitimate and democratic, the more likely English-Canadians are to accept the decision, even if unpleasant. But if separation came after some kind of coup, or if a referendum showed only a slim majority in favor, demands for intervention would likely grow. Similarly, violence might be more militant if separation was accomplished quickly rather than being protracted over a longer period. A crucial factor here is the degree of autonomy and the strength of political organization in Quebec. If Quebecers themselves were deeply divided, it would be very difficult for English-Canadians not to take sides. That might begin on an individual basis, but quickly expand to the governmental level. Instead of a direct Quebec-Canada conflict, there might instead be a complex set of alliances between elements in each area. Negotiations in such a situation could well be impossible. Deep disagreement with Quebec is likely to be associated with some sort of breakdown in social organization. Political leaders could lose their authority and influence. Militant groups like the FLQ would become more active and stronger. If that were the case, it would become extremely difficult for English-Canadians to deal with Quebec; the likelihood of threats both to English-Canadian minorities and English-Canadian property would grow, and intervention would be more likely. Therefore, it is in the interests of English-Canada to avoid adopting policies that would prompt these developments and threaten Quebec elites.

From this we can draw the following summary: If separation is achieved by orderly, legitimate political process, if it poses little threat to English-Canadian values other than only itself, and poses little danger to English-Canadian minorities or industries, if it is achieved gradually over time and is guided by political leaders who share a common sense of the most important rules of the game with English-Canadian leaders and who maintain a fair degree of solidarity with Quebec, then English-Canadians

would be likely to be moderate, and English-Canadians will ultimately accept the inevitability of separation. In this case, the roadblock for intervention of at least some degree of cooperation is high. But if separation is achieved through essentially undemocratic means, such as a coup, if it is accompanied by much more discrimination and violence against minorities within Quebec, if the separatist doctrine is associated with other political doctrines English-Canadians find repugnant, or with actions threatening to English-Canadian minorities and property interests, then we would expect a militant reaction from English-Canadians, up to and including demands for military repression.

This suggests that the attitudes, goals and behavior of the French-Canadian would be decisive influences on the English-Canadian reactions. The converse is also true, the ways in which English-Canadians react would influence French-Canadians. In particular, a threatening posture by English-Canadians would be likely to provoke reactions for more militant Quebec action, for repulsive measures against English-speaking minorities, and so on. Similarly, an English-Canadian policy of economic sanctions, if successful, might greatly increase the chances of widespread social disorganization and unemployment in Quebec, thus increasing the chances of the formation of extremist political movements. Thus, one knows it and that a Fascist government in Quebec would be intolerable; to some extent at least, English-Canadian attitudes would determine whether the conditions for such a development existed. Such predictions may become self-fulfilling prophecies.

Hence, the conditions for a spiraling escalation of the conflict could easily exist. Hostility on one side would breed hostility on the other. Such a spiral once started becomes very hard to break, especially with the absence of a third party to intervene. Therefore the mutual reactions and behavior of both sides are crucial.

Further, other than the ways in which separation is achieved would also affect the likelihood of English-Canadian repression. English-Canadian elites would have to be responsive to pressures from their constituents. Unlikely as it is, however, even separation occurred, there would be demands for armed repression from some voices. The question is how strong would they be and how easily could they be reversed? Hostility in Quebec, and to supporters, would not necessarily take the form of "Shoo them." It could as plausibly take the form of "Good riddance," continued on page 77



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IN PRAISE OF THE TEPEE

Chief Kaghren, my friend who breeds the Red Phantom reservation in Saskatchewan, pointed to a hill overlooking a beautiful valley. "It is your homelands whenever you wish to use. Below the hill are two ponds of clear water." So we built our tepee and moved in. "We" consisted of my wife, Lili, where our Indian friends call Mokeo Kakaia, which means Red Eagle, our small daughter, Nayoto Nopua, which means Cree Sentinel, and that's her real name, and me — I'm sorry, for some reason I can figure out, at first Buffalo.

I guess I became interested in Indians and the theatre at about the same time, when I was a very young boy. I was an orphan. Not an ordinary orphan, because I know nothing about my real parents, not even what nationality they were or even where I was conceived. So I don't know if I should get mad if someone reads the Irish, or makes cracks about Polacks or Hungars. I just don't know what I am. I'd like to write "everything" on all those documents where they have a space for "nationality," but I know they wouldn't go far that and would make me write "Canadian." Which isn't bad thing to be if you have to be something.

I was lucky in the couple who adopted me. They gave me freedom and a very open mind. When I was very young, my mom gave me a book called *Indian of America* by Dan Beard. It had all kinds of stories and paintings and showed all the ways of life of the Indians. I really liked that book. I still have it. It's one of the books I've managed to keep.

A while later I was playing with a group. I played drums and even some trombone — terrible trombone at that time. I remember. We played at a lot of small British Columbia towns and I met a lot of Indians on those trips. For a while I lived in Chilliwack, BC and used to hang around the reservation just outside town, getting friendly with some of the Indians.

There were a lot of Indians out in Vancouver, too, where I worked on the fishing boats, and Pauline Johnson's *The Song My People* songs made me feel just plain good. Gradually I began to use that these people had been around 10,000, maybe 20,000 years and everywhere you see the same. They never seemed to change anything. I figured it was because they were part of it, not just trying to be it.

The way up theatrical thing started

was the same I guess. My mother and I sold me in elementary school and presently I was doing things for blind audiences, for veterans and prisons and places like that. I did things at school all the time, and got to stay on the radio. Then I went to air because I didn't like the educational system at all. Then I took up a trade at a foundry, but still going out to clubs, still doing things at night. Then I got into musical comedy and television. Then Broadway and on to Hollywood for network, TV and films — and from films to obscurity, which is a little less this side of Jordan.

I met Lili in Rainbow Valley, which was in beautiful downtown Barbuk. We were making a picture called *Forever Rainbow*. Everything was fine and Lili and I went up and got married at the Red Phantom reservation, in the medicine tepee of the native church.

I was busy in showbusiness and making good money, but I don't know whether I've really ever been an actor. An actor is supposed to be a mirror that reflects life. But some of the things I reflected when I was in a suit — "Well, you mirror them three kids and then you go and hit the old lady and steal her money" — were certainly different from what I'm doing now. That's why Lili and I decided we didn't want that kind of career, and why we took off for Indian country.

Indian tradition has it that some ago before the Indians had shelters of any kind, a house sat down suddenly under a tree in the pouring rain, and it'd wrapped in a fire like a towel has branched fingers. He looked at it, noticed that the man pointed off the



By Don Francks

animal trail — and so, the first tepee was born.

So we moved into our tepee. It wasn't an obvious task: sleeping bags, one frying pan, one pot and a few tin dishes. That was all we felt was needed to live with nature. Oh, there were a few lanterns, too, my sister, some flares I had saved out of random one-half-a-dime books. Maybe that's why there's so much more room in side than appears from the outside. We had 12 people to a wind not long ago, and there was no crowding.

Tepee is a Sioux word. The meaning "dwelling" and per means "used for," so tepee means "used for a dwelling."

A tepee is a truly wonderful structure. In all the hundreds of years since the first Indian built the first tepee, I swear nobody has improved on it for cheapness, ease of construction, stability, even comfort. You take 10 or a dozen windproof poles (spruce is preferred, although the Indians also use pine, birch, lodgepole pine), close the back off for the sake of comfort (skins, form than use a circular pyramidal, bend them at the top where they protrude a look or two, wrap them in waterproof fabric (Savies usually, but silk holds if you can afford them: the Indians, of course, used buffalo hide) and there's your tepee. Well, not quite, there's the waterproof fabric, sure, of course. And, most important, an ingenious system of flaps near the apex which act as an air conditioner in hot weather, serve as a chimney for the cooking and warming fire in cold weather.

To-day you can buy an already assembled windproof duck tepee for about \$250. That's for the tepee itself, the extras — floor, liner and outside wiring — cost another \$175.

We haven't given much thought to our plans for the future. I know I'd probably like to publish a few books and I'd like to make a few films. I'd like to carve a few things and sing a few songs with my wife. I guess as long as they have this stuff money around, every now and again I'm going to have to do something to get it. Perhaps I can do it entirely from the land, which is something I'm going to take a good look at.

We don't spend all our time on the hill on Chief Kaghren's reservation. We travel the plains, area to the Rockies and beyond, in our half-ton yellow truck. But the hill between the ponds in Saskatchewan will always be our home base and the tepee will always be our home. ■



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MONDAY

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TUESDAY



Big name interviews, good entertainment—Elwood Glover style. "Mery Tyler Moore is pretty entertaining. Multi-talented "Cenil Burnett puts the laugh on you. "Telescope focuses on interesting Canadians—at home and abroad. You can't beat "Tuesday Night for the best in documentary programming.

WEDNESDAY

Everyone's welcome to Singalong Jubilee. Explosive "This Land, our people and problems. Remember Doris Munsinger's Doris rise "The Tenth Decade, the Dellenbaker-Pearson years. Lloyd Robertson nightly—on "The National news.



THURSDAY



Getting Together with Bobby Sherman. David Johnson in "Treasure Agent Orville. Get in the Mood with big band sounds. Top Canadian stars. So See "Cousins and Program X. Manned—what's going on in Canada, and around the world.



Don Van Cise does his thing. Join the "Laugh-In" party with Rowen and Martin. What's Friday night without popular "Tommy Hunter and his band? For comedy and story it's a World TV Showcase and Main Chance.



FRIDAY

SATURDAY

"Play ball," they're off... lots—total sports coverage week-end afternoons. Be sure to watch "Hockey Night in Canada every Saturday night. "Update reviews the week's headlines. Good sounds, from Nashville to Nova Scotia, on "Countrytime.



SUNDAY

"Well, Disney offers the best in family entertainment. Sail into South Seas adventure with "The Rowers. The generation gap is full of laughs on the new "Jimmy Stewart Show." "Flip Wilson and Cordelia are both a hot. Anne Murray, Pomerantz and Michaels. and Wayne and Shuster are great entertainment. Lots of "Sunday at Nine. What's happening, what's likely to happen, and why it matters analyzed by experts on "Weekend.



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LÉVESQUE from page 29

if Canada is to survive in a stable. Whatever a nation may be, despite regional disparities and injustices of which some apply to Quebec, one very large part is structured. I don't want a hysterical emotional either, or the sort of attitude that says we are better-than-you, or the kind of nationalism that explodes guns and bombs at other countries. Just the idea that I can like us, and that I have sympathy and some kind of understanding, I hope, for the feelings of people from Atlantic to Pacific in this country. Which sounds grandiose, I suppose, but I just want to say that there are no people say.

I do not believe that Canada could hold together if Quebec separates. The country is a loose confederation of provinces, each with a prickly and ambitious local government of its own. The reasons why we would not react together are possible to predict, but there are so many of these reasons that it's impossible to say which ones would be fatal to union. For instance, how would the Maritimes feel about being cut off from the rest of Canada by the foreign state of Quebec? And wouldn't the sceptical BC separatists then say *belles-déclasse* to Ontario? Isn't it true that all the U.S. would have to do to start — wait for an appeal by any of the provinces and territories for help, at whatever level, to be the 51st state?

The fields and woods of Ontario run at 70 miles outside the car. Bush are waiting overhead. But all I can hear is the steady peaceful roar of the car.

Thinking about Lévesque again, I remember a repeated phrase that "peace is possible." And he means it, I think, even from the reasonable and peaceful Parti Québécois. For the FLQ seems to me the extreme left

wing of the Parti Québécois which claimed 29% of the votes in the last Quebec election. And the kind of violence that occurs and occurs in Lévesque's speeches and interviews — that is the heavy face of Pierre Bourgault peering over his shoulder, and the shadowy implication that beyond

Bourgault in the 20th century, it's never possible to get far away from such things as unemployment, strikes, economic exploration, separatism, murder, and so on. These are the constants of all our lives. But there are a few other questions about human existence as well, like trying to find purpose and meaning in your own day-to-day living, and exploring someone else's personality in relation to your own. And a country ought to be a kind of cocoon wrapped around us that permits such exploration, allows us to discover things about ourselves and other people.

That is realistic, and we have no time for it, because such things as strikes, political quarrels and constitutional squabbles must be settled first, to provide at least a personal clearing in the human jungle. But they are never settled, and there is never time. The sense of well-being when the sun shines is brief, the fixed amount of support with another person passes and sometimes it seems we have imagined the memory.

It's getting dark when I pull into the yard at Robles Lake. I can think of very little but René Lévesque, the subtle greatest single danger in Canada. Not I am not saying that as the TV performer or political politician across the desk from me today Lévesque's face is ambiguous, neither one thing nor the other. It's like the French Canadian whose feelings he claims to reflect, not friend and not enemy — not yet. ■



"Don't you think it's time we stopped kidding each other, Harry?"



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THEATRE
BY
DAVID GUSTAFSON

I recently completed a 10-month study of Canadian regional and festival theatres — without Canada Council money — traveled 20,000 miles, visiting theatres, watching rehearsals and productions, sitting through interviews (over 60 in all) and reading synopses. I spent about half of my time in a dull but enlightening examination of Canada Council files, budgets, special reports and old correspondence. In the end I got a PhD and the regional theatres got copies of a 350-page dissertation called *The Canadian Regional Theatre Movement*.

There's a lot he'll be proud of as a Canadian theatre. Twenty years ago there was virtually nothing. A void. Today, there is more legitimate professional theatre in Canada than in any nation of the United States concerning the equivalent population. The numbers in English-speaking Canada are not even as great as in the French-speaking world. There are seven regional theatres, three national theatres, two large metropolitan theatres (Toronto and Montreal) with their complement of fringe and underground companies, and a rash of summer theatres. The Fringe happens all over again in the summer, but it's not as big as it was. There's a lot of touring, but at least a decent good troupe performing, for the most part, in Montreal. Not even the 20 million people is said around New York City can boast of so many legitimate companies in legitimate professional houses.

But it's not only the company count. It's the number of plays (literature filtered only 33 legal plays last season, whereas the seven repertory theatres across Canada presented 47 — grand! — original), the number of performances, the number of hours on stage, the number of theatres and theatre schools and children's theatre programs, the number of creative people employed and sustaining themselves on that employment, and the number of people attending the theatres... it's in all these ways that Canadian theatre is healthier than American

And while the playing games with numbers is worth looking at, what Canada has done to inspire theatrical creativity through subsidies. The Canadian government, by way of the Canada Council, will give as much money this year to the arts — \$30 million — as will the United States. The difference is in the body count. America is 10 times as big, so to equal Canada's per capita support the U.S. National Endowment for the Arts should disburse \$300 million. As the New York Times reported recently, "Since its attitude, like his professors', seems to be one of 'what little do I have to give to get rid of this?' Two years ago the American government saved the arts only three million dollars.

The Canadian government also deserves praise for the \$46 million it — with friendly persuasion from Henshaw Southern — put into the construction of the National Arts Centre, a complex of theatres second to none in beauty and function.

And then there's *Starfish*, which has gained international recognition by just standing there. With its talent, resources and technical splendor it has become one of the finest theatre productions in the world.

As I said, there is a lot to be proud of. Naturally, there are deficiencies, as well.

In the last piece, the wave of brilliant and exciting minds that founded and developed the theatre in Canada has been passed on. They have been followed, in the main, by lesser men who for lack of talent, energy or vision don't seem to be able to make the art of the theatre as exciting or meaningful. John Hersch, who co-founded the Manitoba Theatre Centre, says the problem is their apparent fear of challenging audiences in the established theatre. Leon Mager, who started the Niagara Theatre in Buffalo and now runs Toronto's St Lawrence Centre, says that the theatres across the country are run by men whose choice of plays reflects stagnation.

Canadian theatre is badly served by its boards of directors. Ask any administrator, more board members don't really want to work for the theatres, they're on the boards so that the theatres can work for them. It's an ego trip. They're the night copious barter and a parade of good local standing through association with "talented." They're dilettantes, and in varying numbers they're on the board lists of all the regional and festival theatres in the country. They don't care about the theatres, they're on the boards so that the theatres, not do they encourage the theatres to find new ways, to reflect what's wrong in the community, to strike things up. In this Canada and American theatre is very much alive.

Finally — and here Canada is so far behind the United States that "also rans" would be underwriting prizes — Canada is not doing nearly enough to encourage native playwrights. There are almost

[illegible]

David Gustafson at a two-day distance

FILMS

BY
JOHN HOFESS

On Friday, Alvin paid tax and he hasn't called. The risk is piled high with dirty dishes. She opens an astringent can of floor. The ball with it. The apartment is a mess (throughout). She's had a cold, drizzling work with clothes ripping at the heels. She makes instant coffee directly from the hot water tap — she opens it, her first up half-palping. Most people don't know she's still alive. After 6:00, a 35-year-old woman looks like the sort of woman who was tragically in a young girl and is just beginning to look beautiful. She's childhood and separated from her husband. She lives in the shadow of post-marital disillusionment, which comes from having (as she later Dorian Parker once remarked at the end of the book) a husband who is not a man. She is a woman who has been after with Bob Barker, a 34-year-old pop star, an invalid of a burglar thief. Alvin wants something from life that she has not seen fit to yield to her — something beyond the desk, practical marriages of her parents and friends, a creative love that will best very soon that modern life can inflict. The knowing. She puts on her best face and rubs out the door.

The Donald Hirsch is also waiting for a phone call. His patients suffer as much from malnutrition as they do from any physical ailment. He's an expert on the subject of loneliness. "I wish they wouldn't all cry," he says, putting Mozart on the phonograph for some musical medicine. His apartment is immaculate. Long rows of dust-free books, a glass-and-chrome table, a Barcelona chair, a white rug; every area bears the signature

of a man of his social taste. He's old and long ago discovered that the pursuit of happiness produces only slim pickings. His response to the raging homosexuality of his Jewish background is homosexual rejection, which reduces his margin for happiness still further. He lifts a sufferer of desire to beget a child, but he does so only to close his eyes to his fate as a screen behind the wall of suffering.

Alex Gewolbe and Donald Hurst set the principal characters in John Schlegel's *January Beauty Sunday*, portrayed by Glenda Jackson (*Women on Love, The Music Lover*) and Peter Firth (*The Pumpkin Eater, Girl With Green Eyes*), with passionate intensity. Bob Elton (portrayed by Murray Head, a graduate from the London production of *Bar*) is the father-figure, one to both. "Whether our relationship is incestuous or not," he says, "it's incestuous." The incestuousness of other sexual young and ardent has his (uncomfortable) sympathy of self-compassion and/or hurting people who are "missing experience," says in just another manner of killing life.

Sunday Bloody Sunday, the seventh film in 11 years for the 45-year-old English director, might have been bloody awful if Schlesinger had made it earlier in his career. If certainly would be a microcinematic portfolio in most directors' hands. But the screenplay by New Yorker critic Penelope

distasteful contemporary uses of the word and most civilized writing these days like in many places. As in her novels *A State of Change*, *One By One* and collected short stories *Coma* and *So Many Years* (see review), Penelope Galloway's film script (to be published by Bantam) reveals a profound knowledge of human psychology. She tempts by surprise – as the throwed insight, the delicious word that cuts to the quick. Best of all, Sontag has made great gains in subtlety and surety of purpose as an films – *A Kind of Love*, *Billy Jane*, *Dorking For Free*, *The Mending Touch*, *Malcolm Cowley* – have developed from sophisticated irony and antimaterialism to a tougher-minded, more-tuned humanism.

In *Future Shock* Alvin Toffler describes the multiplying pressures that people confront in their love relationships. An accelerated life-span, the demands of a dualled career in a technological society, different rates of maturation and psychological growth between two people, the emphasis on ecology and emotional agility in a world of accelerated change, are just a few crucial factors that weaken relationships of lifelong duration. The chapters in *Juridical Shock* Toffler and modern people caught in the chaotic. They were not as terrible only if they were not as terrible as the legal system and the legal system. *Juridical Shock* Toffler and modern people caught in the chaotic. They were not as terrible only if they were not as terrible as the legal system and the legal system.

Recommends *The Go-Betweens* Few film directors make more creative use of their talent than Joseph Losey. His *The Secret and the Secret* and *Accident* are hauntingly beautiful films. *King and Country*, *Shogun*, *Madame and the Professor* in *A Landscape* are equally good, while *Seven* and *The Secret Ceremony* are simply embarrassing. *The Go-Betweens*, starring Julie Christie, Alan Bates, Margaret Leighton and Dominique Guard, with a screenplay by Harold Pinter, Losey has made his most powerful movie. Better film and theater than it played on television.

Sunday Bloody Sunday Yet for all its plausibility — the Norfolk countryside is a veritable meadowland swarming with deer, literally from story of a doomed love between a tenant farmer and an aristocratic girl to turn-of-the-century England — one feels a gnawing hunger when it is finished. It's a delicious novel but a nutritional trifle.

[illegible]

John Wilson is a successful Canadian film director

MUSIC

BY JOHN MACFARLANE

When we were kids our parents used to tell us that rock 'n' roll wouldn't last. But it has, and nothing says it has as well as *Rolling Stone*. Here we are in the Seventies, *Elvis Presley* probably as gripping as the temples, and the most successful new magazine in North America (over Hugh Hefner's faded puberty) (without passing no) is a twice-monthly rag called *Rolling Stone* (circulation 230,000), which is as serious and almost as sophisticated as its devotion to rock music as *Vogue* is to women's dress (and the thousand weekly cover-ups we wear about rock). Which speaks more than the fact that, yes, mom and dad, after all these years there's enough rock 'n' roll out there to warrant more than the occasional page in *Newsweek*: it means that rock culture is no longer fringe.

Which rock used to be exclusively two-egg stuff, the *drivel* you are still led to pulp such as *At Pender*, *Song*, *Hit* and *Flap*, tucked away in that booky section of the newspaper reserved for *Official Detective*, *My Confessions* and *Photoplay*. "Oscar Mitter: For Santa's Health — *Sanctuary* by David Hunter." "Three New Love Columns: By David, Bobby, Garry." No one then wrote intelligently about the music, much less its stars. Albert Grossman was the most serious, even ground in 1965 when he wrote in *Esquire* a sensitive and perceptive article about *Elvis Presley* called *A Head Dog To The Moon*. *Down*. There was a time, now a century years ago, when "I don't like the words but it's got a great beat" was the apotheosis of a rock record review.

Now you can pick up *Roller's* and find Sam Dancow writing about *Roller's*. In the *New American Review*, Albert Grossman's analytical history of rock 'n' roll. In the sober and leisure studies of the *Sunday New York Times* Richard Goldstein on the *Rolling Stones*. In the *Village Voice* Robert Christgau's entertaining record reviews. etc. "Classmate Guide 17: most rock 'n' roll's candidates fall into one of four categories. The Band Invention (BI) is a group which derives from the vocal style, adopted matter and folk-rock sensibility of the Woodstock Wonders. . . . The Secret Science (SS) has its roots in the suppression but really became a factor with the emergence of Isaac Newton as a German Who Had Been There All Along. The Soul Chick (SC) is often a dwarf version of the Secret Science — one of those two-waive down-waive singers (usually but not necessarily black) who is trying to fill a gap that does not yet exist: black (or anyway, useful) sex symbol for white audiences. . . . Finally, a somewhat cheaper category: The Oldie Backy Group (OBG). . . . These categories are by no means perfect. Not only can an SC occasionally be taken as an SS, but several SCs can be detected going down-waive behind one of the others. I have by no means exhausted

the possibilities." And on and on through the pages of journals that wouldn't have started a year on rock 10 years ago. To say nothing of *Rolling Stone*, *Parade*, and a half-dozen other magazines that 10 years ago didn't even exist.

But it is one thing to be literate and another to be disorienting. Knowing how to read is different from knowing what to read. "A feature that makes approval the norm," as John Saxon, the American theater critic, has observed about the permanent eye, "which makes doing one's thing more important than the nature or quality of the thing, is unlikely to make, understand, and evaluate criticism." Too true. Of all these thousands of words in or issue of *Rolling Stone*, few are informed by a sense of rock music as art — as significant, practicing and somehow rethinking, as examining but not only entertaining. Which is the difference between reviewers, of which rock is in no short supply (the number of people qualified, by their own admission, to review rock is exceeded only by the legion whose calling is film) and critics. The critic is a teacher. If he is any good his perceptions illuminate our appreciation of whatever it is he is writing about. And if there was some criticism and less reviewing in rock, we wouldn't be as vulnerable as we are to commercial fashion. Is Ross Cowdrie really that good, or was his reputation invented by a record company looking for a better third quarter in '71?

Rolling Stone, as someone has said, is the *Time* of Rock. Anyone who dips rock and can read should have a subscription. But the best of writers rock is to be found between hard covers, and what follows is a list of recommended titles.

The Sound Of The City by Charles Glatfelter (Da Capo) The most painstakingly detailed and authoritative history of rock ever written, fascinating in its resolution of the commercial expenditures that shape rock. *Rolling Stone* (Gull) points out, for instance, that if in 1957 radio in the United States hadn't been segregated into black markets and white, what we call rock music today might never have been created.

Rock Show by Albert Goldman (Atheneum) A collection of pieces, many of which were originally published in the *New American Review*, the *New York Times*, *Life*, *Parade*, *New York*, etc. by the biggest and most perceptive of observers of the American pop culture. For example "The play of hubbub is simply its total lack of existence. It comes as a whole rainbow of super-sensory flavors, but soon the taste wears thin and all that's left with is a chewy, chewy, chewy — plus a hard, full center." *Rock Rock* by Michael Lydon (The Owl Press) Portraits of Carl Perkins, Chuck Berry, Stanley Robinson, B. B. King, The Grateful Dead, Janis Joplin and the *Rolling Stones* by one of the most sensitive of the young rock writers.

Robert Rouse's Rock Encyclopedia (Dutton & Dutton) Absolutely the best reference book available on rock. The bibliography on *Elvis Presley* alone runs to five pages.

For real enthusiasts *Studio Vista*, a British publisher, has an excellent paperback series called *Rockbooks*, of which there will soon be six: *Audley*, *Muddy*, *The Beatles*, *Monkees*, *The Who*, *Elvis Presley* and *Little Richard*. *Studio Vista* also publishes a modest but respectable reference book in paperback called *An A-Z Of Rock And Roll*. ■

John MacFarlane is an associate editor of *Madison*.

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BOOKS

BY
DONALD CAMERON

*Opinion gathered here is expressed
for the same reason as myself
gathered here is chosen for mentioning
we did not know was valuable*

When Pierre Laporte died, one of our Great poets was in Ottawa. Al Purdy's *The Peaceable Kingdom* appears in *Power Corrupted: The October Crisis And The Repression Of Quebec*, edited by Abraham Rotstein (New Press, \$2.95), a reprint of Canadian *Panorama's* 5th special issue which also included George Woodcock, Denis Godfrey, George Bain, Rod Horwath, George Grant and Allan Ramsey.

The best of the many books on the crisis are probably the newest, the analytical study by Trent University's Denis Smith, *Bleeding Winter, Bleeding Country* (Hurtig, \$7.95 cloth, \$2.95 paper) and the remarkable narrative by novelist Brian Moore, *The Revolution Singer* (McClelland and Stewart, \$6.95). Also new is Leland Bergeron's *The History Of Quebec* (New Canada, \$1.50), a polemical Marxist manual which has sold over 75,000 copies in French. *Panorama*, unbridled and uncorrupted, is fair, Bergeron's Marxist unorthodox proposal a forceful alternative view of Canadian history, and may help English-Canadian understand why Quebec wants out. It must be an extraordinary opening book in Quebec.

Much more subtle is Marcel Rosa's *Quebec As Revolution* (Harcourt, Lewis and Knickerbocker, \$3.95), a private presentation of a left separatist outlook by a distinguished Université de Montréal professor of sociology. Largely devoted to a study of the development and needs of a Quebec nation, Rosa's book includes an attack on the theory of Pierre Elliott Trudeau — "the prime minister," writes Rosa, "of an intellectual viewpoint."

Gustave Morl is a Montreal prison psychiatrist who conducted interviews with previously convicted terrorists. In *Terror In Quebec: Case Studies Of The FLQ* (Clarke, Irwin, \$2.50), Morl does offer some interesting biographical material, but a reviewer in Morl's own word would damn the book as a personal consequence of bad toilet learning. For Morl, no social problems exist; protest is merely a symptom of insanity. After this, one understands how psychiatry may become an instrument of oppression.

Bergeron, Rosa and Morl are not basically concerned with the October crisis, though all touch on it. In *No More Fear Of Terror* (Pocket Books, \$1.25), Montreal Gazette reporter George Radwanis and Kendal Wendenye are concerned with nothing else. A temperate newspaperish account the book tells us that any opposition to the War Measures Act "was simply non-existent." Even the government's official apologist, Secretary of State Gérard Pelletier, whose words, *La Crise d'Octobre* (Éditions du Jour, \$5.50) is

being Englished by McClelland and Stewart, is more balanced than that. A dreadful book, *No More Fear Of Terror* whips up hysteria while enjoying as it is to poison.

The most polemical books are strikingly aware of their opposition to the War Measures Act and in their criticism of the morality and inhumanity of the Trudeau government. They agree that Quebec's provinces are serious, that it may well separate, that disintegration rather like War Measures will back up the process and multiply its crimes. *Revolution Of War*, by the Toronto Tribune's Ron Bissell, and civil liberties lawyer Ashley Goldin (*New Press*, \$6.95), has been out since the last book on the crisis. Staphylococci, crudely written and comprehensive, *Revolution Of War* painstakingly places events in context, sketching in background and carefully sifting the evidence. Though it bears some resemblance due to name, it will remain a standard work.

Despite its name, Denis Smith's *Bleeding Winter, Bleeding Country* provides a searching analysis of the crisis in the light of Pierre Trudeau's political attitudes and Quebec's relentless movement toward independence. Where *No More Fear Of Terror* reports Trudeau's October 16 speech, calling in Canada's City-by-bay Address, Smith directs the speech, examines its assumptions, and finds it "a brilliant performance" based on "charged language, clever device, undefended assertion, and questionable psychology." Normally Smith is less obviously scathing, preferring a nice academic irony. Nevertheless he regards the Prime Minister's view of politics as woefully inadequate in a fluid and delicate situation. Defining "a dedicated unity" the government asserted to

"as an act of immediate rather than a responsible act of democratic authority." Coherent, out of problem and modish, Smith's book offers the intellectual leadership our new democracy rarely provide.

Smith assumes the reader knows the details of the October crisis. Brian Moore makes no such assumptions. In what must surely be the most brilliant portrayal Canada has ever seen, Moore moves in behind the eyes of Jacques Lacombe and his comrades, hiding in the apartment on the Rue des Revolutionnaires while an invisible James Cross orders television cameras in the back room. Sometimes the quasi-novel form reveals Moore's ability to discern the wider implications of the kidnappings. Yet *The Revolution Singer* is a novel *de fiction*, a translation of cop-and-robbers banalities into the political interplay of believable people. In one especially moving sequence, Yves Langlois wonders whether he would not temperately forget the whole venture if a girl were to embrace in the opposite window. Knowing, however chiefly from film and the media, Langlois wonders if "real revolutionaries" feel such feelings. The book culminates in a breathtaking passage as three children of McLuhan race to Expo and Cuba, "crying as no fugitives in history have ever escaped before: live, on television." The October crisis finds a place in literature.

But then, like Al Purdy, it already laid:

*in the future the past closing around
and leaving us where I never wanted to be
in a different country from the one
where I grew up
beyond the Peaceable Kingdom* ■

Don Cameron teaches English at the University of New Brunswick

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